Impact

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Impact

by B_Rain

Summary

When the Lecters were transferred to the local university, they soon acquired an air of untouchable, graceful in their beauties.
Then Will Graham falls in love with Mischa Lecter. His feelings are properly matched, until he discovers that Mischa shares everything with her brother. Everything.

Notes

Here am I again, in another wild ride. I hope I can lead you to satisfaction, and that it can be good to you as it is good for me.
Pardon for my bad english, but the amazing CrazyStrange is making everything more pleasant for your guys to read. Thak you darling <3

Mischa

Will Graham looked up from his food when his ribs were almost crushed by Beverly's left elbow. He moaned in pain, by reflex moving his hands to touch the place while looking at his friend to ask if she was insane. But Beverly wasn't looking at him, her stare was beyond, fixed somewhere over Bryan's head.

"Don't look now, but there is someone who really can't stop staring at you, Will." Beverly said with a knowing smile, a malicious glint in her dark eyes, that rolled up in annoyance when Bryan and Jimmy, just like the girl from the exorcist movie, turned their heads in the same moment to see who Bev was pointing at.

"Great." Beverly said, trying to kick them both under the table.

"Mischa Lecter? Are you fucking serious?" Jimmy asked, looking at Will with wide eyes.

"What is wrong with that?" Will asked, looking back to his food after his eyes found the pretty ones on the other side of the room. Even from afar, Will could see how her white cheeks were suddenly red when she found everyone on his table staring. It made her even more beautiful, in her embarrassment.

Mischa Lecter had the purest look of the entire university, with blonde hair, sharp cheekbones and a beautiful accent. She was new at the campus, and Will was the first person she talked to, to ask where the anatomy lab was. Will was enchanted at first sight, and she didn't seemed indifferent either. He gave her a tour of the entire build, all the while listening to her pretty voice telling him about Lithuania, and how she felt about meeting new people and moving in to America. Will remembered how she blushed when she told him that she wasn't used to socializing much, her only contact being with her family. She was sweet, and very polite. And this happened about three weeks ago, firing up with just a kiss on the cheek and the promise of s*eeing each other around*. Of course Will wanted more, but she still needed to get a new phone after her older one broke, so she didn't have any number he could call. So, after this, he watched from afar while she made new friends, some of them male and very interested in being helpful to her.

They still exchanged looks sometimes, but none of them made any move yet to approach each other again. Will was gathering his balls first, to face the most beautiful girl from John Hopkins and ask her out. It was childish, and upset him to be so cowardly.

"I don't know man, have you ever seen her brother?" Brian said, snorting with sarcasm, grabbing a piece of egg with his fork.

"What about him?" Beverly was the one to ask, lowering her voice as if to indicate Bryan and Jimmy should do the same.

"The man is a creepy. He started to study here too, almost finishing Med School." Brian said, and Jimmy nodded in agree.

"And he is creepy why?" Will asked, his soda forgotten at his side. The four of them were at their second year of university. Will in Psychology, and Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller and Jimmy Price together in Chemistry. They met in their first year, when Will found a place with them at some fraternity. Since then, they where almost always together, mocking each other al the time but being really good friends when it was needed.

"Have you seen him?" Jimmy asked again, putting some drama in his voice.

"No, I haven't." Will said, a little impatient. Mischa mentioned Hannibal Lecter, with a great amount of worship in her voice, but she never deepened into any subject related to her brother. But well, they only talked for two hours then... so it wasn't like she could give a full report of her life.

"I've heard that he is hot. " Bev said amused, biting her carrot in a naughty way.

"I've heard he is a *count*..." Jimmy lowered his voice in a whisper, with a conspirator tone.

"No way!" Beverly said, reclining back on her chair. Will raised one eyebrow too, doubting the information.

"They say he is from Lithuania. And he came to America to run away from all the attention."

"Bullshit." Will groaned, ripping a laugh from Beverly.

"You guys believe in everything people gossip." She said, glancing one last time at Mischa, who was reading a book while sipping her orange juice, unaware of being the center of their conversation. "But damn , they are gorgeous. I could go lesbian for her. " She cursed.

Will found himself watching Mischa again, putting a blonde strand of her hair behind a small ear. She did seemed gracious, and Will could believe it if someone said that she was a princess or the fucking queen . He let the voice of his friends go to the background of his mind while he pondered. He should talk to her, get to know her better. He knew so little and still he was already aware that she was amazing. There was the thing that she was in a veterinary class. And Will always had a soft spot for animals. He had a dog back at home that stayed with his father when he had to come to study. And he missed him terribly. His dog.

"Are you coming?"

Will was snapped from his wake dream. He looked up, to his friend's face that looked at him with expectation, the three of them already up and about to go back to class. But Will stood and went pass them, crossing the whole refectory to Mischa's table. It was an explosion of bravery that he couldn't let go to waste, refusing to look back to what he knew would be Bev's proud face and Jimmy and Bryan's surprised ones.

And Mischa blushed when she saw him coming. Immediately, she stop talking to her friend that also raised her head to look at Will, her red mouth moulding in the same knowing smile that he saw at Beverly's face. Well, wasn't everyone a genius now?

"Will!" Mischa said surprised, her beautiful accent floating with the consonants of his name. "Is everything okay?"

"Can we... can we talk?" Will asked, relieved when she nodded and got up, taking her purse and phone with her so she could follow Will out. He hold the refectory's door so she could pass, and she gleamed with a smile, leaving with him.

"So... you have a number now?" He started, pointing to her phone when they began to walk in the empty hall from the east building. It was composed of meeting rooms so, besides when there were reunions, there was no flow of students around, which made it a perfect place for privacy.

"Oh no, this is my brother's. He leant it to me for social measures until he could get mine ready. Everyone seems to find it so odd that I can actually live without Facebook and twitter." She laughed a sweet thing, hiding her phone in her back pocket.

"Well, aren't we all prisoners of social media?" Will asked with a smile of his own, which made Mischa's only grow brighter, her eyes alighting to look at him.

"Where are we going, Mr Graham?" She asked playfully, looking around.

"Nowhere." Will came to a halt then, and so did she, raising her pretty maroon eyes to his. They where close, about one feet apart. So close that Will could see the tiny freckles over her nose and checks, slightly blushed. She opened her pink mouth and sighed, making her hot breath caress Will's nose.

"You may kiss me, you know?" She whispered, and Will closed his eyes, savouring how sweet she sounded before he leaned to her, and their lips met.

It was sweet, and soft. She was the most delicate thing he had ever touched, and when he held her thin waist in his hands she felt tiny, melting in his embrace while her perfume invaded his senses. She opened her lips for his tongue and just like that, they where making out in the middle of the hallway, with teeth and hands hovering over bodies, and the fire of the young. Mischa moaned softly when he pressed her against he wall, pushing one knee between her legs without leaving her mouth. He was trying to be a gentleman, to keep his hands far from her breasts and ass but she wasn't helping when she arched her back and rubbed against his chest, all the while chasing his tongue with playful little bites with surprising sharp teeth.

"Mischa..." Will breathed, backing off enough so he could watch her face. "I'm sorry if I'm being to forward..."

"What? No..." She assured, her mouth stained with the pink of her own lipstick and her kiss swollen lips stretched in a smile. Slowly, she raised one leg around his, teasing his calf. "I'm really into..."

"Mischa."

Will froze, his body going tense in less than a second with Mischa's. She turned her face away from his, to the sound of the deep voice in the hallway, covered with her same accent. Her startled gaze softened and she smiled the same bright thing she made for Will.

"Hannibal." She hummed, and Will closed his eyes embarrassed, trying to gather the courage to turn to the brother. Mischa was there already, talking in a fast language Will didn't understand besides his name. Of course, she was explaining who the man almost gluing her to the wall was. He sighed and then turned to face the older Lecter.

Hannibal Lecter was tall and very much alike his sister. His hair was just a little darker but his eyes had the same red shadow, as if they kept crimson secrets. His cheekbones had the same sharp look and his body held the same stillness that reminded him of royalty. Suddenly, what Bryan said didn't seemed like much of a bullshit. Hannibal definitively held his presence, being imposing without effort.

"Hello." Will said, interrupting their talk to reveal himself, feeling like a deer in headlights. Only that the deer was calling the light to himself.

Mischa stop talking, looking at him with a smile. She was grabbing her brother's hand, with the phone in between their palms. Slowly, Will moved his eyes from her to the taller Lecter, decided to face the scorn.

But Lecter was quiet, his red eyes gazing at him as if he could analyse his soul. Will tried to remind himself of things he knew about the man. Med School, about three years older than him and five years older than Mischa. They didn't live in any of the fraternities; Their residence was instead a huge mansion in a very fancy street of Baltimore. Filthy rich was the word Bev used the first time she heard of their meeting.

Will opened his mouth to say something when Lecter leaned his head to the side and something strange glinted in his eyes. He didn't seem mad that Will had had his tongue down his sister's throat just seconds ago. Or even embarrassed that he caught her in such an act. He seemed oddly... curious.

"We should go." Mischa said, and she seemed proud. She left her brother's hands and approached Will, touching his chest and standing on the tip of her foot so she could kiss him goodbye, a chaste thing. Will felt ridiculous that he sensed his cheeks heating under the feeling of the stare of the older Lecter over him.

Incapable of saying much, Will just nodded his goodbye, watching her turn on her heels and enlace her arms with her brother's. Slowly, like two models out of a catwalk, they left through the corridor.

Will could agree that Hannibal was indeed odd. He didn't say a single word to Will or his sister, only listened to her babbling and stared at Will. Maybe he didn’t know English. Which was a silly thought considering he was studying there. But Will couldn't deny that the man was charming. As beautiful as his sister, and he had an mysterious aura around him, so different from the pure light that Mischa was. Maybe he was the dark sheep of the Lecter family.

The thought made Will snort with his own mentality, and he leaned to take back his bag where he let it fall when kissing Mischa. The feeling of her mouth was still present over his lips, soft and sweet, like cotton candy.

While walking back to some more inhabited hallway, he couldn't help but think that he would see Mischa again. Kiss her again. It was just a feeling but he was hoping for it. Maybe next time he would be more lucky to avoid the strange brother though.

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"He finally made a move, then."

"Yes, yes." Mischa sighed, so pleased."So, brother, what did you think?" Mischa whispered. She was sitting next to her brother inside of the car. Hannibal slid his finger across the wheel, thoughtfully.

"He is very beautiful."

Mischa smiled.

"Would you like to know how he tasted?"

"Only if it is your wish to tell me, darling." Hannibal said, turning to the next street.

Satisfied with herself, Mischa rested against the car's seat, crossing her legs. She was happy, like a child who had just got a new toy.

"Delicious." She answered, pink tongue coming out to taste her lower lip, as if she could still taste him there. "He can't see how people look at him and how gorgeous his face is. I must have him, brother. I am deeply in love."

"I trust this will not be a trouble for you, darling."

Well, Mischa had to agree with that.

It never was.

Hannibal

Chapter Notes

This chapter was edited by CrazyStrange . Thanks again, darling <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I think is time for you to know my home". Mischa said suddenly, making Will raise one eyebrow from where he was on his side of the lab table.

He was finishing one last detail of his work for the Human Evolution Class and Mischa was keeping him company, playing on Will's phone and teasing his legs under the table. This was making him scratch her with his pen when he could, drawing blue lines over too white skin. Every time he succeeded, she would laugh, a sweet and happy thing, making him smile in return. He didn't even mind the distraction she was causing, making him take about two hours what he could do in about fifteen minutes. It was a bit usual for now, Mischa developing taste in some plays that would leave Will in some light level of arousal, and then just stop before Will could act on it. It was fine for now because Will knew it was her way of foreplay and he was very patient.

"Are you serious?" Will asked, frowning. It had been about two weeks since they started to see each other more often, but it was never out the college. They hadn't even had sex yet. A couple of times they were about too, in some forbidden place, but every time Mischa would change her mind in the last second, leaving Will pining for release.

And Will was falling in love hard with her. Mischa was everything he could hope for in a girl; smart, funny, beautiful, and very interesting. Everyday he would find out a new thing about her, and everyday he had the feeling that there was much more to find out. So he could wait. If there was something making her not feel ready yet to move on the next step, he would wait.

"Sure." She said with a reassuring smile, and moved her feet again to caress Will's calf. And this time he didn't tried to scratch her. "I would be very pleased to introduce you properly to my family."

Will stood quiet. He knew that by 'family' she meant her brother, Hannibal, the one Will didn't see since he was caught kissing his sister, and for that he wasn't really looking forward to the reunion. Will also knew it was unavoidable if he wanted to keep seeing her; Mischa lost her family when she was young. She told this to Will just one day before. He knew it already, for there were rumours around the college, but still, to see her admitting something

so very sensitive made something move inside of him. Made him want to protect her. Made him want to do anything for her.

"When?" Will asked, trying not to sound as nervous as he was feeling.

"What about tonight? My brother will make us dinner. And he is a very good cook." She kept that smile moulding her pretty lips, as if she knew that the odds of someone saying 'no' would be very small if she kept up like this.

"Right." Will said, trying to think about something to give him time, but failing miserable. Mischa was probing him in a very subtle way since morning, asking little questions to make him confess that he would just have had a boring night to watch a boring movie before sleep. And of course Will realized this just now. "All right."

"Yay." Her smile grew brighter, and she leaned over the table to kiss his lips, her blonde hair falling over her shoulder like liquid gold. She seemed very happy when she sat again, with a glow in her dark eyes. "It's very important to me, that you like Hannibal."

Somehow, it was the way she said it that made it seem like there was something more than just the anxiety of her date being accepted by her family. Will didn't realize he was frowning until Mischa brushed the tip of a pencil between his eyebrows, as if she could erase his concern away.

"You do not have to be nervous, Will. Hannibal does not bite." There was that beautiful smile on her face again, all sorts of inviting and assuring, and Will just nodded. What was there to fear anyway? Wealth and a dark brother was not the end of the world. And also the way her accent curled around the name of her brother was very adorable, even if was a very odd one.

"No, no. Of course. I'll go."

"Great!" She pulled Will's notebook to her and wrote the address in a cursive lettering, giving it back to him with another kiss. And then she stood, moving a thin hand over her shirt as if to erase any creasing. "I will wait for you at eight, puppy." She winked, and then she left, leaving a very flushed Will behind.

Mischa heard Bev calling him this nick name once, and she loved using it any time she pleased. Will thought it was not a very flattering thing to be called. But he sighed none the last, finishing his work. He would have to go back to the fraternity to shower and put on some nice clothes that he was sure wouldn't be good enough to meet the older Lecter, with those piercing eyes and knowing stare.

And of course the time flew for his anxiety and he was almost on time when he took a cab to face his due.

The Lecter House was very impressive. A monstrous thing rising against the dark sky, with dark bricks and huge doors, and Will could count how many windows there was if he had enough time. But instead he gave one last adjust to his own clothes and hair and rang the bell, waiting.

He didn't know who he was expecting, maybe Mischa, maybe some servant. It definitively wasn't Hannibal Lecter himself, with a dark-red shirt and a black pants, looking terrible charming for a lad. He opened the door with his impassive face, that moulded in a satisfied expression to see Will. Will had to admit that the man's figure was a little bit striking, all the things he found beautiful on Mischa present on his features, but in a more masculine way. It was intimidating.

"Will! I am glad you where able to find our house just in time. Please come in." He said, his accent a little stronger than Mischa's, and gave a step back, giving room to Will.

"Well, I just took a cab..." Will entered, trying to comb his hair with his fingers nervously one last time. He was doing his best to not to think about the look on the man's eyes the last time they saw each other, but his face was betraying him by his marvellous ability to blush under Hannibal's stare.

"Would you like me to help you with your coat?" Hannibal offered then, always very polite when Will didn't seem to intend to take it off himself.

"I... yes, sure..." Will turned, starting to take his old jacket off himself, and feeling it slide easily over his shoulder under the pressure of ghost fingers that he barely felt on his skin. But still made the hair on his nape stand to an end.

"Mischa is almost finished with her bath. Would you like to join me in the kitchen while I finish the last preparations?"

"Sure."

Hannibal smiled, a thing that didn't reach his marron eyes before he turned, guiding Will through a long corridor until they came to the kitchen, a room that was bigger than Will's entire fraternity. But, strangely, Will could note that there was nothing personal on his way. Beautiful statues and weird frames decorate the walls – was that Leda and the swan just over the dinner table? - but there wasn't any pictures of Mischa, or Hannibal, or anyone else. If the house's decor didn’t suit the siblings so well, it would be like anyone could be living here. There was no post its on the fridge. Nothing out of place. Everything was lofty and sublime, just like a church.

The thought made Will feel uncomfortable, and suddenly he wished that Mischa was there, instead of the strange brother.

"May I pour you something to drink?" Hannibal asked, knotting an apron over his waist, his tone casual.

"No, thanks." Will cleaned the sweat from his hands over his pants, trying to control his nerves. "I could help you..."

"Please, you are a guest. Just take a sit, Mr Graham." Hannibal asked, taking a shiny knife and giving his back to Will, so he could continue to chop a red onion.

Will did what he was told, choosing a high stool close to the balcony. He was just trying to keep himself out of the way, his hand itching to text Bev and ask what he should do, what he should say. His social anxiety would have the better of him, and he knew it was a matter of time until he embarrassed himself in front of Mischa's only relative.

"You... you seem to be good at this." Will forced himself to say, when only the noise of the blade hitting the cutting board seemed a personal offense to him.

"Well, since I was a child, I nurtured a great love for anatomy and culinary. So as an adult, I found way to have both. " Hannibal poured the onion over a pan before putting it on the fire, everything like a dancer's movement, full of grace. "What about you, Mr Graham, is there anything you love besides what you do in college?"

Hannibal turned to Will then and offered him a small plate with a thin slice of cake. There was a flower petal over it. Will frowned.

"Well, I like dogs." It seemed a reasonable answer. He leaned to take the plate, unsure if he should eat the petal or not.

"This is a semolina-coconut cake with orange and rose water. Mischa's favourite. It is not my intention to spoil you with desert before dinner, but I would like to know if it's good enough." Hannibal said, locking Will under his stare and waiting with what could be deciphered as expectation.

Will cleared his throat and with the spoon, he moved the petal to the side, refusing to look to Hannibal and see if he was doing it right. And then, he took a piece of cake and brought it to his mouth, hoping that the fucking plant on the cake wasn't a poison.

Will, to his utterly shame, actually moaned when lemon juice, just mixed with the sweet of the coconut and something else, probably the rose water, flooded his mouth. He closed his eyes, chewing slowly, thinking that he never tasted such a thing. It was delicious.

"Mischa did say you have a *sweet tooth.*" Hannibal muttered, appearing satisfied with himself while taking the plate back from Will's hand.

Will opened his blue eyes, ready to protest, but Hannibal was again turned back on him, putting the rest of the cake away.

"So tell me Will, this is the bigger thing you and Mischa have in common?" Hannibal returned to moving pan's to the oven and out of it, his shirt stretching tight over his back when he moved his arms in a specific way. Will remembered Bev describing Hannibal as hot. And to Will, it made Hannibal look more mature than he was. Maybe for having to assume the role of father so soon. But it was hard to accept the man in front of him was just a couple of years older than Will. A bit unfair.

"What?"

"Animals."

"Oh. Right. " Will blinked, moving his gaze away from the older Lecter. "You could say that. We are a bit different in most of things. She likes to talk, I like to hear. She likes drama, I enjoy poetry. She is good with music, I suck at it... "

"All art is a problem of balance between two opposites."

Will stopped, hearing Hannibal quoting a Italian poet. And he was a little unsure if Hannibal was calling his relationship with Mischa of art or a problem. Maybe both. But he should find himself lucky enough that things where going this well. Somehow he thought Hannibal would be a little more possessive over his sister. He was ready for it, considering she was everything of the family he had in the world.

"Well... yes..." Will accepted, not knowing what else to say. But he was saved when a familiar voice called his name.

"Will!" Mischa crossed the kitchen to Will's arms, kissing lightly on his mouth. "Did my brother take care of you?"

"You know I did, Mischa." Hannibal answered before Will could, the man's voice sounding just the right tone of found. "Would you please take our guest to the dining room so I can serve us the first course?"

Mischa smiled, and slowly took Will's hand in her smaller one, pulling him to his feet and then out of the kitchen. Will knew the way back to the dinner room, the same one where Leda and The Swan was obscenely exposed to everyone. But he was just a bit surprised when Mischa stop him in the hallway and pushed him against the wall, standing on her toes to crash her mouth over his.

It was unexpected, considering that her brother was just in the next room, but Will couldn't help himself to just open his mouth and let the girl take what she wanted, certainly excited to have him over. But what was just passionate became a little hotter when she bit his lips and sucked his tongue, running her hands over Will's chest and trying to coax him to grab her back, challenging the fact his hands where politely around her waist.

"Mischa..." He called, a little out of breath with the girl's enthusiasm. She moved her face away, a devious smile on her red kissed lips.

"Sorry, puppy." She said, with dark eyes. "You are just irresistible tonight."

She winked to him, grabbing his hands again and guiding him to the dinner table this time. Will ended up sitting in front of her, at the left of the head of the table and Mischa at the right. It was a huge table, all made in mahogany, with lustrous candles in the middle. Of course Hannibal took his place at the head, after serving what he called *lomo saltado*, another delicious piece of art that he called food.

"You really liked Hanni's food." Mischa said amused when Will moaned around his fork, for the third time.

Will felt his face flush, under Mischa and Hannibal's proud stare. He looked up, using the napkin over his mouth to hide what he could of his face.

"I think I've been too long under trash food influence." He admitted.

"Oh please, Hannibal will love to see you eat the next course if you keep like this." She said, looking to her brother for confirmation.

"Of course. It is always a pleasure to see someone appreciating fully what I cook. Mischa's palate has become numb, used as she is with my dower. "

"This is not true, brother!" She protest. "I always think your culinary skills are amazing. And I also smelled that you made my favourite cake as desert, which I cannot wait to taste. "

"Indeed." Hannibal said, with just an nod, but Will could feel he was loving all the praise. It was something to watch the siblings relationship. Until now, everything Jimmy and Bryan had said about them was unfathomable. They where a little strange, yes, but at the very limit of what a very wealthy and foreign person could be. Hannibal treated Mischa as if she were younger then she was, and she treated him as if he was older then he was. A very normal behaviour, considering that both was trying to use each other as support. One providing and the other being protected, as a way to fill in the gaps that the rest of their family left missing.

It was beautiful in its own way, and it left Will very relieved.

Will cut a piece of his steak and brought to his mouth.

The Lecters were entirely normal.

"Will, I am considering that we should have sex tonight." Mischa said then.

Will chocked, the piece of meat stuck in his oesophagus making him reach for his wine glass, where he drank in a large gulp. He was not sure if he heard right, and when he looked up, his eyes tearing with the gagging, Hannibal was indifferently sipping his wine, and Mischa was looking at him with apprehension, biting her lower lip.

"Mischa..." He started, asking himself if it was possible that she had forget that her brother was at the table with them, and if Hannibal was being too polite to say something.

"It is all right. I want Hannibal to be with us."

"You... what?"

"Yes, but you don't have to worry-"

"You want your brother watching us?" Will looked to Hannibal, incredulous, as if waiting for the man to call his sister and explain the misunderstanding that was happening. But Hannibal was calm, cutting through his own meat.

"No, of course not." Mischa said fast, and Will felt his breath coming out easier, until she added. "I would like for Hannibal to partake in it."

"Wait... What? Mischa, are you insane?" Will asked, his fork and knife clattering over his place when it fell from his hands.

"Darling, I have told you already about the way to approach such a subject." Hannibal said at last, moving his hands over the table to squeeze Mischa's, whose dark eyes were tearing now while she stared at Will.

"You're okay with this? " Will asked to Hannibal , his voice a little louder than what he intended. "What is wrong with you?"

"I do not make a habit to context Mischa's wishes. She wants what she wants." Hannibal said simply.

Will stared at Hannibal, shocked. He couldn't think straight. There was one million things going through his head, and he wanted to run. But he had to know. He felt his bile in his throat, and he swallowed dry.

"Do you... do you guys fuck each other? " He asked, feeling disgusted with only the thought. He was staring at his own lap now, unable to face either of them.

"Of course not!" Mischa answered fast, her own voice sounding offended, her accent a little thicker around the edges. " It's just that I share everything with him."

"You have got to be kidding me." Will asked, rubbing his hands over his face. He couldn't believe she was actually thinking that that was a valid argument. "This is sick."

"Is it, really?" Hannibal said only.

"Shut up!" Will groaned angry, raising his eyes to face Hannibal, who was looking at him with piercing eyes. They gleamed dangerously, but Hannibal stood quiet, his face impassive of any emotion, as if they were discussing politics. "This is a unhealthy level of dependency, and you know that. You should get her some help, you fucking bastard."

"Will, there is nothing wrong with me!" Mischa exclaimed, and her cutlery also hit her plate with a loud sound. "I imagined you would think different! Please do not call Hannibal that."

Will shook his head, loudly pushing his chair back, removing the napkin from his lap and tossing it over the table.

"Both of you are insane. Everyone was right about you."

It happened so fast, that Will hardly realised his face was only inches away from Hannibal's. The man had his longer fingers around the collar of Will's shirt, forcing him to half lean over the table, clattering one glass over it to the ground when he had to use one hand to support himself. He could hear Mischa's sobs in the background, could feel Hannibal's silent breath hot on his mouth. Will's own was becoming hasty, product of his own wrath.

"Who you think you are to judge us?" Hannibal whispered, marron eyes locked on blue ones, unblinking. "You do not have the knowledge about where our morals are founded."

Lecter's voice was cold, like ice blocks from the artic, and it rushed through Will making him shiver for unknown reasons. But even then, he slapped Hannibal's hand away and straightened himself, moving his gaze from Hannibal to Mischa. She was trying to keep herself as collected as her brother, keeping her nose up and posture straight, defiant.

But Will could see tears sticking to her lashes.

And damn, she was pretty.

"I don't want to be a part of this. I'm not a thing to be shared." He said, and then turned his back to the Lecter's, feeling their gaze like fire on his body. "Thank you for the meal, but I'll show myself out."

And with that Will walked away, the sound of drums roaring loud in his ear.

Chapter End Notes

Things are getting nasty, aren't they?
don't forget, kudos and comments push me forward!

Uncivilized

Chapter Notes

This chapter also have a beta, which is the beautiful CrazyStrange ; thank you always.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham was awake. Laying on his own bed, belly down, his eyes were half covered by the pillow in an attempt to block the sunlight. Which means that he should have been up a few hours ago. But it was hard to resist when self loathing, sadness and confusion held him to the mattress and although he was there, lying for a while, he hadn't slept much. There were dark circles around his blue eyes and he was pale like a corpse, which matched his own feelings.

Of course he had a drink or two the night before but who could blame him after the little bomb he received when visiting his date's family. He was conjuring all sorts of theories about Mischa's sanity. He should know better, being in psychology class and all. He would be a hell of a professional, this he could tell. But, in his defence, Mischa just seemed perfect. He tried to remember some strange pattern in her behaviour and found nothing. Well, it was normal that all she used to eat was made by her brother, carefully packed in fancy bowl. And that she wasn't in a hurry to get a new phone because she was sharing her brothers. Brothers do that. They take care of each other. Don't they?

When his alarm clock rang for the third time, Beverly invaded his room, complaining in a audible sound about Will's lack of concern about his roommates, that it was Saturday and he should let the others sleep.

"Why do you even have an alarm clock set for Saturday?" She asked after turning the thing off, going to the curtains and pushing it open, making the sun cover Will whole.

"Fuck" Will pulled his covers up his head, covering his eyes. "I don't know, it's automatic." He grumbled, his voice muffed.

"And what the fuck is wrong with you? You are used to waking up early than this. What went wrong on your date?"

Beverly was stood with both hands on her waist, wearing only a t-shirt and panties, not caring at all that most of her roommates where heterosexual men. She just had this badass attitude that made her refuse to care about such thing as her lack of clothes.

"Nothing." Will said low from under the covers.

"Don't lie to me, Graham, I know you. Spit it out. " The bed dipped when she jumped on it, trying to pull Will's covers down but he held it firmly, refusing to give up his eyes to clarity or his face for Bev's scrutiny.

"What would you do if your boyfriend wanted you to have a *ménage a trois* with him and a sibling?"

"What? Mischa asked you that?" Bev's voice came surprised.

"Oh my god, Mischa has a sister?"

Will pushed the covers from his face, looking to Jimmy who had gotten into the room without Will noticing. He was wearing his pyjamas also, with a pancake in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, his hair looking like a bird's nest.

"Damn it, there is a door for knocking." He grumbled again, going back to cover his face like a child. He didn't mean to share Mischa's wants to everyone, even as fucked up as it was.

"We are your friends, Will, your secrets are safe with us." Bev said, her voice soft.

"Are you still having doubts?" Jimmy asked, shocked. "This would be my dream coming alive. Is her sister hot?"

Will didn't need to look up to know that the sound of the door knocking was just Bev closing it on Jimmy's face and the man's voice protesting on the other side just confirmed his suspicion. He was glad for this; It was embarrassing enough to deal with this just with Bev.

"It's Hannibal, isn't it? I always thought he didn't seem normal. He can't be that hot and normal." She muttered, more to herself.

"Beverly, stop."

"Well, you can't blame the fact that men also get turned on with this pretty face and butt of yours, Will."

"It's not like that. I don't think he is into me. It's a thing that Mischa wants."

"Oh my god, do they sleep..."

"No." Will said, knowing already where her mind was going, like everyone else's would go. "At least that's what they said."

"Damn, Will. This is fucked up." She said sympathetically. "What did you do?"

"Called them crazy and run off." He said, moving the cover from his face finally when his air supply was not enough. Bev was looking at him with an eyebrow raised and a small smile on her lips.

"Well, I guess this is a way to go."

Will just lay silent, not wanting to admit that he still liked Mischa. There was just something inside of him that refused to let the fact that she wanted to do craziness with him end everything they already had until now.

"Are you in love with her?" Bev asked, as if she could read his mind.

"I don't know. I feel compelled to her."

"Did you talk to her about wanting only her, and not her brother?

"I'm not sure..." Will started, staring a point in the ceiling. "If she will accept me, if I don't accept her brother."

"Fuck. Maybe this is a twin thing."

"They're not twins."

"I know, but I've heard crazy shit about those things. Maybe they feel like twins."

"Yes, but I don't want this." Will said, frowning. The more they talked, the more it seemed simple the fact that two siblings had enough intimacy to share sex with other people. It was common in porn movies, right? Jimmy seemed excited. But damn him if Will would let a man fuck him. Even if he was as charming as Hannibal Lecter.

"Well, sure as hell is a lot to digest. I thought Lecter had a thing with Bloom, from the first year. "

Well, that was new. Will knew who Alana Bloom was, a beautiful girl with blue eyes who just started college. He never saw her with Lecter but he didn't used to see Lecter a lot in college. The man would only show up once in a while, usually holding something for Mischa. It was like he was just too good to be with the others. And if he was dating her, what would Mischa think of that? Did Hannibal have to share his *stuff* too?

"Poor girl." He said only, with sarcasm. "Would you mind leaving now and letting me go back to my misery?"

"Oh come on, stop crying!" Bev said, raising from the bed and pulling Will's cover all the way this time. She ignored his curses and just put the thing away, tossing his phone to him. "Answer her goddamn calls and talk about this shit like an adult. Mischa called you at least one dozen times already. And don't take too long, I'll make you a coffee."

And with that, she left. Will took his phone and checked the screen, seeing Mischa's name and the missed calls. Of course, it was her brother's phone and he could just imagine how Hannibal would talk to her about the proper way of inviting the next boyfriend to a *ménage a trois*. He sighed, dropping the phone back to the bed. He wasn't ready for this, and still felt very much confused.

Putting some clothes on, he followed Bev to the kitchen, letting himself have the Saturday to put his thoughts in order. He could deal with it on Monday.

But he didn't. Mischa stopped calling and he avoided her through the Sunday and on, until one week had passed and he still hadn't seen her. He was not doing it on purpose. He was just having a busy week that made him come late for lunch and leave early. He saw her on the Thursday in the hallway, but she had a couple of friends with her and he was in a hurry, so they only shared an awkward wave before he rushed to the exit.

He knew they had to talk and he was just being a bit cowardly by running from it. He still didn't want to admit that he would have to make up his mind first. He didn't want that for his life, that was for sure. But there were questions he could ask, things he could use to try to make it work. He didn't know if Mischa wanted a one time thing or if she wanted to share him always. He could have asked if she wanted Hannibal to really *penetrate* him or just, well, other stuff. It just seemed that even in the best of the hypothesis, it still seemed insane to him. Maybe he should just let it go.

It was on Friday that he was bound to deal with it. Will was finishing packing his things after a lonely study time in the projector room when he heard the door opening and closing behind him. And immediately he felt his body tense.

"Hello, Will."

Will turned, watching Hannibal just a few meters from him, his lean frame resting against the door, casually blocking the way out. His body language completely turned towards Will and in a open way, showing no threat.

"What do you want?"

"Anxiety makes you rude, Will. You should be careful." The man said, his head tilting just so to give the impression that he was analysing Will whole.

"Maybe I'm just rude with you." Will challenged, unconsciously holding himself still for scrutiny.

"You are being rude with Mischa as well."

Will blinked, uncomfortable. Hannibal was right but that didn't mean that he wanted it to be tossed in his face. Will turned his attention back to his bag, zipping it and avoiding the man's stare.

"Did she send you?"

"Of course not, I came to my own volition. "

"Why?" Will asked suspicious.

"To ask you to reconsider your decision." Hannibal said, and Will opened his mouth to curse, probably, but Hannibal raised one slim finger, and Will shut it, waiting. "Mischa cares deeply

about you. And she is quite upset with your behaviour. And she also misses you. I am sure both of you can talk like civilized people. I have faith that you can act like one."

And just like that, Will was red with anger. Hannibal said '*his behaviour*' like that was the real problem, as if Will didn't react like any sane person would do. And did Lecter just insinuate that Will was not civilized? What a bastard. Lecter didn't scare him and if he think he could just drop insults while he would be quiet and listening, he was very wrong. Will put his bag's strap over his shoulder and went for the door, still shaking in his anger.

"You must be really in need for wanting to fuck me this much. But you'll have to find yourself another crazy fucker to-

Will was silenced when instead of moving away, Lecter gave a step forward, putting himself very close to Will and a slender index finger across Will's mouth. It was as fast as the last time when he did so on the dinner table, like a dancers move, like a tiger's attack.

"See? Such an uncivilized vocabulary." Will was immobile, caught in his surprise and feeling his lips tingle strangely in the very place where the man was touching.

Will's eyes were wide open and he could feel his face heating along with his chest in reaction with Lecter's proximity. And well, Lecter was watching him. Every piece of him. He was a bit taller, so the maroon eyes were looking down, running from Will's own eyes to his curled hair, to his nose, and to his mouth, still under his finger. And slowly, Hannibal moved it, sliding his digit to Will's chin, where he put little pressure. Then, just like a pliable, docile doll, Will leaned his head back, his long lashes almost touching his checks and his mouth slitted on its own, angled just right for a kiss.

"And you are quite wrong, Graham." Lecter's breath was hot on his mouth when he whispered, his accent too thick, too prominent. "I could care less whether I fuck you or not."

With that, he let Will go, stepping back and to side, giving free access to the door.

But Will was too stunned to move. He blinked, realizing he had been holding his own breath and now he needed it fast. He knew he was getting flushed all over his face, ashamed of his own reaction, and he couldn't even understand what the hell just happened. What Lecter did to him? What did he say anyway? He was angry, and now he was...

"I..." Will started, avoiding the man's eyes, that seemed dark as sin.

"Mischa is still in possession of my phone. You may call any time." Lecter said politely, and still Will couldn't make himself look at the man, who was now opening the door for him. Without saying anything else in order to not compromise himself any more than he already did, Will just left, not looking back.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone still with me. This story may have some tags changed, so be aware.
Hope you all like it. <3
Don't forget to tell me about what you think of this chapter. feedback is very important for me.

Horns

Chapter Notes

This chapter was betad by Crazy Strange. I can't never thank you enough, darling <3

PS: This chapter has a con and noncon drog use thing. So be aware.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will's first impression was that the music was too loud, the lights were shining too bright, and the people too noisy. He was with Bev, Jimmy and Brian in a nightclub on the other side of the city. Actually, the entire university was there and apparently, there was not room enough to shelter them. Two days ago, a senior student decided he wanted to make the best birthday party of the season and rented the most trendy nightclub in town. He then proceeded to invite the whole university to it. Initially, Will didn't even consider going but Bev settled that it was a perfect opportunity for him to solve things with Mischa, who would be there, in a very neutral environment.

"Oh, come on. Those are actual bodies and not dead ones. Can you quit with this mourning face?" Bev complained looking at him, her face dark and glowing with colourful neon.

"You know I don't like people when they're like this." Will said, and he had to admit that he did sound a little grumpy, like a boring uncle. He sighed, closing his eyes, in a attempt to shutting off the lights. "But fine, let's go grab a drink."

Bev laughed and punched his shoulder lightly, grabbing his arm with hers in the next second.

"That's what I like to hear, baby Graham. It's time for you to learn that your face and butt are too cute to be hidden." She sang, guiding him through dancing bodies toward the bar. Will couldn't hear Jimmy and Brian over the noise but when he looked over his own shoulder, both guys where just behind them, laughing at something on Jimmy's phone.

"And stop saying those things about my ass. You never saw it. " Will said, finding some stool to sit on.

"You wish." Bev whispered and not giving him any attention, leaned over the balcony and hooting to the barman, who turned to her immediately. She ordered two drinks - Jimmy and Brian were gone now - and sat back, turning to Will.

"So, what is the plan?"

"What plan?" Will frowned.

"What? I though we had agreed that you would solve everything today. You can't keep running from the Lecters."

"Why not?" Will asked, and she raised one eyebrow, challenging. "All right. I'll find Mischa and ask her out..."

"And tell her what?"

"Well, that we have to find a middle term to what she is asking from me."

"Yes, and that her brother is stalking you."

"Bev, it's not-"

Will was interrupted when the barman was back with their drinks, two *Sex on the Beach* that Bev herself proudly ordered.

"He didn't stalk me." He continued, watching his friend suck through the straw from the bottom to the top of her glass, intending to take all the three layers in on sip. "He was just... intense."

"When I'm eating a burger, I can be intense. This is stalking, Will." She seemed very resolute so Will just sighed, looking around.

He couldn't see either Hannibal or Mischa there and to be honest, he was having a hard time believing that the siblings would come. It was just that a night club party didn't seem like their thing. Both of them being too sophisticated for such frivolous stuff. No. Let the rest of the youth behave like normal youth but not the Lecters. Feeling a bit upset, Will took his drink too, drinking mostly the vodka on the bottom. He made a face for it, the liquid burning his oesophagus like damn liquid fire.

"Oh no, you're doing it wrong!" Bev shouted, and then proceed to teach Will how to suck on it the right way.

Feeling his patience running low in pretty fast velocity, Will tried not to take it out on Bev who was just trying to be nice. But when the sound and light and people became overwhelming, Will couldn't hold any longer. He excused himself and without waiting for Beverly to say something, he jumped off his own stool and walked away, pushing himself through the frenzy of bodies. It was hard to walk among people in this state of mind. Will kept having to deflect smart hands who tried to grab his ass, all whilst being smashed against someone else. It seemed that hours had passed until he manage to leave crowd to a not so empty hall, one that could take him to the bathroom. Ignoring all the invasive glances that was trying to bury themselves into his butt, Will was able to enter the communal bathroom and lock himself up into one of the cabins.

Touching his forehead to the door, Will sighed, hearing the music drums coming a little lower, which was good. The taste of vodka was still rough in his mouth and he swallowed, trying to send it away. Where was he with his mind to accept coming to this place? He should

just leave now whilst there was still time. If only he wasn't missing Mischa this much. But was he crazy enough to accept her madness? Could he do this for her?

"Man, you don't look okay"

Will turned, wide eyed, watching a short and slim man seated on the floor close to the toilet. Maybe it was the poor light but he seemed a little green, in his fancy clothes and stoned appearance. Upon seeing Will watching his hand, the man raised it, offering him a cigar stuck between two fingers.

"Is that pot?"

"Sure, bro." The man shook the cigarette, inviting, but Will ignored, sitting on the floor instead. Because why not? He didn't need to partake in the man's proclivities but he seemed calm enough to be attractive to Will. Maybe Will could spend just a little time protected there, like the pathetic antisocial man that he was.

"I'm Josh, by the way" The marijuana guy said, too busy taking his pot back to drag.

"Will." Will said, resting his head against the break down. He knew it was not very hygienic to just sit there, and God knows only what kind of things that touched this floor, but it was good pacific for him.

"Man, this shit is good." Josh sighed again, and Will blinked. The man was lighting his second cigar and the smell was a bit stronger now. Will wondered if he could be affected much by it for just being close. He remembered the class where he learned the effect that drugs had over the human brain. Marijuana was one of the most usual drugs used to relax and was a little alarmed by the fact that Will was considering how much he needed to relax.

"Are you from university?" Josh tried again, voice becoming entrained.

"Yes. And sorry, but can we just be quiet?"

"Hey, you were the one to invade my kingdom of peace, fellow." The man protested, downing again.

"I guess you're right."

"So what are you, too good to smoke?"

"No, I just love too much my mental faculties." Will said, hearing the man chuckle besides him.

"Right, so that's why you are trying to befriend the toilet? " Josh seemed way to happy about that and he gave Will a big toothy sile, offering again the cigar.

The man didn't look bad. He had nice clothes and all and his hair was falling in smooth strands over his eyebrow. And he looked peaceful. Will thought he may have seen the man at college sometime but couldn't remember where.

Then, Will moved his glance to the offering. Couldn't be this bad. They say everyone tries new stuff while in university and Will was still the good boy who mostly behaved himself. He knew Bev smoked once or twice, so, what could go wrong? He really needed some distraction and this could be used as an excuse for Bev to accept taking him home, or letting him go without making much of a fuss .

Slowly, Will took the cigar and brought to his own lips and under the man's stare, he smoked.

Josh smiled, lazily.

Will smoked again.

Will had no idea how much time had passed, but now he was using the toilet as support to his back while he was laughing hard, brushing tears from his eyes as Josh kept telling him about his dog who loved pumpkin. Will told him about his love for dogs a few minutes ago and the man suddenly had one thousand funny stories about those four legged creatures. Will had no idea if it was the truth or if they were something out of Josh's imagination, but hell if he cared. He could barely think.

"... and then, the dog ate all of my father's Halloween decoration..."

"Wait.. " Will said, between his tears. His heart beat was getting too loud and blood was being pushed too fast inside of his veins. "I have to get out." He tried to raise, but then he started to laugh again. It was hard to just care about things but Beverly was out there and he had a feeling that he had been a little too long inside this place. Judging by the shape of his ass from sitting on the hard floor, could be a few weeks.

"Shit man, wanna another one?"

"Fuck no." Will laughed, managing to stand up.

"Wait, wait..." Josh asked and Will helped him to his feet as well when he grabbed his pants.

Both standing in the small space became too much so they pushed open the door and breathed the heavy air with the loud sound. In the mirror, Josh wasn't looking so green anymore. Actually, he was kind of the same colour as Will. Will himself was pale and his eyes seemed an electric blue, coming out with little rays around. It seemed to pulse with the drums of the club.

"Fuck. That was just pot?" Will asked frowning, leaning against the sink and widening his eyes so he could watch closer, the way his iris' were dancing in blue, very blue. His mouth was way too red as well, making him look like a paint whose painter didn't try to take it easy on the brush.

"They call it the three herbs glory, bro." Josh said proudly and he too was looking at Will's eyes through the mirror, narrowing his eyes. "You look fucked up." He laughed.

Will felt an alarm ring inside of his head. He didn't knew what he just took and he should be feeling dumb for accepting something a stranger gave to him, obvisouly some psychedelic shit. But it was hard to think straight. It was a good feeling oozing through his body. How could he be mad for that?

"You didn't told me what herbs-"

Will started, before stopping to touch his own teeth that were looking like they were about to fall from his mouth. Then the door opened and a couple with small giggles entered, barely looking to them before they locked themselves in one of the compartments. Josh looked to Will and put a hand over his own mouth, as if trying to hide a smile. Will made a shush movement too, putting his index finger over his lips. He had no idea why but it seemed the reasonable thing to do once he was sure his teeth were still there. With silent steps, Will made a sign to Josh follow him and both left the bathroom in a rush.

The sound hit Will with everything, much louder then he remember, and he closed his eyes, coming to a halt. He felt Josh bump into his back behind him, too slow to note that Will stopped.

"What? What happened?"

Will turned. Josh still sounded stoned, his voice slow and lazy, but Will was feeling the exact opposite. He could feel his heart beating hard in his chest and everything was appearing to be turned in a high frequency. He was feeling euphoric and he wanted to run a marathon, wanted to punch something. Darkness seemed to be moving, and light had a life of its own. It was so beautiful.

"Shit, what did you give me?" He asked, rubbing his eyes with a big smile on his lips when Josh's form started to change, to get larger and then smaller, like a wrong mirror. It was overwhelming too, but Will was feeling good. Too good.

"Come this way." Josh said instead and he raised one hand, showing Will a blue bracelet. Oh, so he had the VIP area access? Good. It was Will's turn to follow Josh to another door and when the boy pushed, the sound stood even louder and there was people again. Josh shoved his bracelet at the security guy's face who was guarding a staircase and pointed to Will, screaming something in the man's ear that Will wasn't interested enough to listen to. There was something happening to Will's button shirt and Will felt immediately better when he pulled the little thing, letting it drop to the ground.

"Are you coming, man?" Josh called and Will hurried to follow him, looking down while they climbed. Down there, people were dancing like crazy, every move launching colour sparks in the air, making a mess of everything. They seemed to pulse as well, like a bomb of people was about to explode. Will looked around, trying to think where he could hide if this eventually came to happen. He could also feel waves of emotions coming from them and passing around his own body, but it was easy to ignore. Because it was hard to focus.

A group of girls passed through them, laughing with themselves and looking at him with interest, but not enough to stop their journey to the bottom.

"Call me!" Josh shouted behind them and proceeded to recite his phone number, before Will pushed him to the rest of the stair.

"I have to find my friends." Will said without much concern when Josh stop protest and started to lead him through a bunch other compartments, each one with a single round table and sofas around, housing drinking people with loud laughs. Will was thinking about how funny it was that the rich was always above while the mass was rubbing against each other in other kinds of mess down stairs. And it was where he was supposed to be.

"Just one more" Josh screamed, right in front of the penultimate compartment, making the people on it look around to them.

"Fuck me." Will whispered, blinking.

Mischa was leaning against the little hast surrounding the VIP area, where she could watch people dancing in the lower floor. Her face was turned to Will and she seemed as surprised as he was to be there. And damn, she looked so beautiful with her hair pulled in a messy bun, with a short dress made of shiny black sequins. Strangely enough, Will knew she was genuinely please to see him there; he could feel in the violet wave that was oozing from her.

"Will!" Mischa whispered, and then looked to the side.

Will turned his face to follow her gaze and of course, Hannibal Lecter was there, sitting in the sofa with a drink in one hand and Alana Bloom thin waist in the other. The girl was busy with her nose sunk in Hannibal's neck but the man's eyes where glowing red, bloody red, watching Will. His eyes were always this red? It couldn't be. Will blinked and frowned, feeling his heart beat louder. He knew the people down on the lower floor were dancing now to the rhythm of his own heart, and that was too weird knowledge. What if it stopped?

"Are you okay?" Mischa was asking, approaching Wil.

Josh, who had keep walking to his own place came back when he realized Will wasn't following him.

"Oh, are those your friends?" He asked, but Will ignored, giving a step closer to Mischa. He still could feel Hannibal eyes on him, like they had a weight of their own, but no feelings.

"You smell so good" Will whispered to Mischa, watching the waves change to red and taking a loose strand of her golden hair to his own nose, closing his eyes while he inhaled. It was like roses and spice, and was also glowing beautifully in the dark space.

"Will?" She called softly, and Will took her face in his hands, watching her skin in a soft shade of pink, blushing.

Her lips were so red, just like Will's, like they just kissed and shared the friction. And maybe that was what happened, but backwards. Will would just have to check and see. That was what he did. Leaning with precision, he captured Mischa's lips and kissed her, linking their lips and licking the inside of her mouth when she opened for him. She threw her arms around his neck and giving in with a low moan that he felt more then heard; he could feel every

surface of her small body. And it was perfect, just like it was supposed to be. Like they could be normal.

When Will opened his eyes, her skin was entirely black and there were horns on her head.

But somehow, he was expecting that, so there was no surprise and he could just admire the perfection that she was.

"You look so beautiful." He whispered, touching her mahogany skin. "I didn't knew you looked like this."

"Like what?" She asked, her eyes blinking blue, looking so pure in all that dark surface.

"A wendigo, Mischa." He whispered in awe. Could she hear him with the sound? Maybe.

"A what?" Mischa's voice came lower, and there was fear in it? Why would she be afraid, such a creature like her?

"Shush..." Will tried to calm her down, kissing her lips again. Of course he had to keep low, otherwise people would know. "I understand now why you want to devour me."

"Hannibal!" Mischa called, stepping back and out of Will's reach. Her skin was back to pink and then black again.

"No, no, no..." Will tried to approach her again but then there was something in front of him, bigger and as dark as Mischa, but with horns that could almost touch the ceiling.

"Shit..." Will gasped, stepping back as the apex Wendigo followed him, until there was a wall on his back and the creature was right in front of him. Will felt his eyes turning upwards and the wave of arousal was running high in his stomach. He couldn't bear if the creature touched him, it would be the spark that would flame his entire body.

"Will, look at me." The accented voice was too close and too firm not to be heard even with the music.

"No." Will closed his hands in fists, pressing his eyes close like his life depended on it.

"What did you take , Will?"

And then Hannibal touched Will, his claws – no, his hands – holding his face and Will felt his body shiver, loosing his strength and own command. He opened his eyes to face the red ones, his own pupils so large, swallowing the tiny circle of blue that was still there. Hannibal's skin wasn't black anymore, but there were still horns, and his eyes where glowing in an unnatural way, pulsing fast, following Will's heart just like the song.

"Don't ... touch me..." Will gasped, his breathing coming quick and shallow. His body was reacting as if he was having sex. He could feel his erection heavy in his pants and his skin burning wherever he was being touched. He was about to explode and that would be bad. He would not be able to hold himself when lust and desire was coming from everywhere.

"Why not?" Hannibal's nose flared and he moved his hand to Will's forehead, then to his neck, feeling his pulse. As if Will's command for not be touched only made Hannibal touch him more, the prick he was. "What do you see, Will?"

Will moaned. Right now he was about to see stars, his hair glued to his forehead in sweat and his mouth ajar so air could enter easier. He was vacantly aware that Mischa was still watching him and she seemed scared, but Will knew it was not for him. Even Alana was concerned, asking questions to Josh, probably upset for being taking from the lap of her boyfriend.

Will's body writhed against Hannibal, a wave of shame joining the one of arousal. Of course he would be the one to make a riot. Poor boy who didn't know how to have fun without calling attention to himself. Without putting his own health in danger.

"Get the fuck away from me." He growled with closed eyes, and it worked when Hannibal let his hands fall, making the electricity running trough Will's body stop.

Brilliant. Will could go now. But when he opened his eyes, there was the creature again, the Wendigo who came from his deepest dreams. His red eyes glowing expectant, as if Will was a show himself, his skin so dark that even the colourful lights on the ceiling couldn't reflect on it. People's waves of emotion was being sucked in the creature's murkiness, unable to touch Will. It was so beautiful and generous and powerful, how could Will resist? He pushed himself from the wall and glued himself against the wendigo. He sank his nose against it's throat and ear even though he had to be on his tip toes for that.

"It's all right, darling." He whispered in Mischa's ear, even if her perfume was wrong but so right. It filled all the right places of his head. "I'll let you devour me." With his teeth, he held the creature's lobe and bit, holding himself on it's solid shoulder so he could push his hips against it.

All he wanted was to show his desire, to make his heart behave.

But then instead of a plain surface, Will found a hardness matching his own.

His body shivered whole, like all the electricity came back for his skin in once. Like he just fell into ice water but it was heating him at the same time. He groaned, the music swallowed his voice. He should have noted that the body was larger, it was taller than him, that they were the same, but different. And the knowledge should appease him and not entice more. Shouldn't make him try to fight little convulsions about to explode on his body. Shouldn't fill him with want.

Will pressed himself back against the wall and opened his eyes to see Hannibal, his skin back to normal. But not his eyes. Not those eyes.

Will knew if he tried, he would see everything so he looked away. He glanced over Hannibal's shoulder, to Mischa's still scared gaze, watching all of it. And then Josh, that was showing something to Alana, speaking excitement into her delicate ear. The music was getting back to normal, to a melody that wasn't Will's heart beat that was getting slower. Very slow. Everything was setting back in its place, and heavily, Will looked down to his shaking hands.

"What is happening to me?" Will whispered but instead of an answer, he felt everything go dark.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, well.

Smell

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it took a bit long for update! But here it is now.
This chapter was betad by my darling Crazy Strange . Thank you <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham had never been hit by a truck in his life. So the sensation he experienced the very moment he woke up was entirely new. His body seemed to be made up of some unstable matter, his limbs seemed to weigh tons, and his tongue ... well, his tongue had certainly been replaced by an anchor. So in short, he was feeling like shit. And the worst is that he had not even opened his eyes yet.

Afraid to try to move, Will moaned painfully, opening his eyes. There was a soft light touching his face, coming from an open window on a white wall. Equally clear curtains moved softly against the wind, causing a sense of lull incompatible with Will's mind, who was feeling uncomfortable in his own body. He closed his eyes again, taking a deep breath. He was not in his house and he knew that style of decoration. And if the wonderful smell of bacon (which seemed to permeate the environment from somewhere beyond those walls) might be an indicator of something, Will was quite sure that he was in the Lecter's house. Fuck his life. How in heavens had this come to happen?

"Will?"

Will stiffened, his pupils dilating painfully with the speed at which they were exposed to the light. Mischa Lecter's soft voice came from behind and now he could feel the gentle pressure of her body too close to his own. Did he sleep with Mischa? Slowly, he turned to see her, feeling the silken sheet slide smoothly against his skin as if caressing his body.

Then he realized that for someone who had hypothetically had a busy night, Mischa was fully composed and dressed. Unlike Will.

"I'm naked." He stated, hearing his own voice hoarse.

Instead of answering it, Mischa turned to the bedside table and came back with a glass of fresh water in one hand and a small cup with two pills. Will recognized them as the old and good aspirin. With a look of complete gratitude, he sat up on his own elbows, letting her put the aspirin into his mouth. He felt her finger touch his tongue a little longer than

necessary. Leaving all his weight on one arm, Will held the glass himself and swallowed the pills down his throat.

"Thank you," he murmured truthfully, his voice sounding a little less scratched this time.

"Any time." She said, with a beautiful yet apprehensive smile.

Will dropped back into bed, feeling his head be wonderfully wrapped in a feather pillow.

"Where are my clothes?"

"Hannibal put them to wash. They were... smelling bad. " she said, carefully.

"God." Will sighed, closing his eyes. He still couldn't remember what happened, only that he was at a party with Beverly... He opened his eyes. "Beverly, I must call her..."

"Oh, we already did." Mischa assured. She was lying on her side, her head resting on one arm so that she could watch Will closely, in a safe enough proximity so he didn't feel invasive, and not far enough so that she didn't look distant. It seemed calculated enough to make clear her interest in not frightening him. Again. "I hope you don't mind, but we had to send her a picture of you sleeping. To assure your friend."

Will wanted to laugh but he knew that would be the ruin of his aching head. Of course, this was typical of Bev who was a much better friend than Will deserved. He remembered that he had abdicated her at a certain moment in the night. And there was something about a bathroom ...

"Will ... Can we talk?" Mischa grabbed his attention again with a small voice.

"I don't have much choice, unless I want to run around the house naked." Will said, and seeing Mischa's gaze turn into something hurt, he took a deep breath. "Sorry, I'll try not to be an asshole. "

"Thank you." She said and smiled a little. "Hannibal would insist for you to eat something before-"

"No." Will was fast to say. He made an effort to sit on the bed, ignoring the throbbing in his head. He was already starting to feel less like trash and more like a person, which was a good start. He should use this opportunity and take advantage to talk before the influence of the older Lecter asserted over them. "Did we have sex?"

"No, of course not!" Mischa said, chocked. "I told you, you don't have your clothes because they were-"

"Smelling bad, right." Will said, but still he tucked the sheet around his hips in modesty.

Mischa nodded and then settled herself on the bed, sitting in front of Will and raising her own knees, where she rested her chin. On the white sheet, her toenails shone like blood.

"Last night, you took something and you said a few things ... " Mischa paused, but Will remained silent, wanting to hear her. Images from the previous night were blurred in his head and he felt that with some effort, he would be able to remember more clearly. If he wanted. And well, he didn't. "You called me a Wendigo. Me and Hannibal. " She said at once, clear eyes focused on Will so she would not lose any reaction.

But Will didn't have much to offer. He just frowned, confused. He knew she was asking why he did it but he couldn't help her.

"Did I?" He wondered why he would call her that. Her white skin was quite the opposite of the images he had seen in a previous semester's work on psychology, about societies and taboos and people eating beasts.

"Well, maybe you were confused. You hallucinated a little." Mischa hastened to say, still watching him. "You also hinted that you would accept what I-

"Mischa, I can't-"

"Then why did you kiss me?"

Will paused. Yes, he remembered the kiss. He remembered the way his body had felt like a fourth of july on hormones.

"I want us to find a middle ground ..." Reluctantly Will looked up, meeting Mischa's gaze. It was difficult, for the way her vulnerability was sampled when he confronted her like that. Will knew Mischa was so much more than the little girl she was trying to show. He knew it was part of the façade she wore, and for her own sake. But that didn't stop him from being affected.

"Do you?" She asked, and suddenly her eyes were watering. Leaning over her own knee she held Will's hand among her smaller one. "Do you really want to make it work?"

"I do." Will said, and afraid that she would misunderstand him, he was fast to add. "But in a way where I don't have sex with you and your brother."

It sounded strange even to his own ears but Mischa seemed to be expecting something of the sort.

"You don't have to do that." She said slowly. "We can work in other ways."

Will bit his lower lip apprehensively. Things were going strangely calm. Mischa didn't react as he expected but she didn't seem to have completely abandoned the idea that Will should belong to her and her brother.

"I'm not the first one, am I?" Will asked, suddenly curious. "You've gotten involved with someone before and you've made the same proposal."

Mischa looked down, gazing away for the first time. A faint flush colored her cheeks and somehow seemed so rehearsed that if Will didn't recognize the physiological reaction, he would have bet it was something forced. Beautifully forced.

"Yes, it's happened a few times."

"And it worked?"

"Just one night stand cases."

"Does that excite you?" Will asked, frowning, trying not to sound disgusted.

"Please, it's not like that, Will." Mischa sighed, and looked up at Will again. Will looked back, this time wanting to really understand. And then, it was clear.

It was more than lust or excitement for her brother. In fact, it had nothing to do with that. Just the knowledge that something she cared deeply about was shared with the being she loved most throughout the world. No. Loving was not enough to describe her relationship with Hannibal. He was the provider, the protector. Will could feel that something had happened, something so deep and striking that Mischa felt forever in his debt. It would be terrifying to her if Hannibal thought there was something Mischa would not share with him. Not Hannibal, who would give anything to Mischa. Who would do anything for her.

Will wondered if Hannibal knew that his sister had these kind of thoughts. Probably yes, but why wouldn't he do anything about it?

"Does he share Alana with you?" Will didn't mean to sound so petulant but it was how it came out, for the way that Mischa raised her pretty nose in defiance.

"He would if I asked."

"And if she let him."

"Well, yes." Mischa frowned, leaning her head and waiting for Will to say something more. When it was clear that he wouldn't, she tried a smile. "Are we good?"

Will waited but he had done enough thinking already.

"I think so." Will smiled back.

And then Mischa was over him. With a graceful movement, she was straddling his legs, her mouth covering his in a kiss of pure happiness. While holding her waist, Will could feel her passion for him flowing and it was sweet, beautiful, and everything he wanted. Very fast, he could feel his own body responding to her, his head ache becoming further and further away.... In a low tone, Mischa moaned, breaking apart from Will's mouth so they could touch forehead and share breath. Outlying, Will hoped his morning breath was not worse than a dead animal smell.

"I want to make love to you, Will." She whispered, her voice like a melody.

"Now?"

"Tomorrow. Let me set things up, make it romantic."

"Shouldn't it be me worrying about that?" Will smiled, chasing her lips for one more kiss that she went in for playfully.

"I want to make it up for everything." She answered then, moving Will's curls from his forehead so she could look into his eyes. "I'm deeply glad I did not lose you."

Will sighed, turning his nose into her hand and kissing her skin, soft.

"Okay."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

She smiled bright and big and kissed Will again, and he couldn't help but think if that meant he was a bit old fashioned. Planning to make love instead of making out here and now was something his grandparent would do, but well, Mischa never seemed to be the usual type of girl.

They kissed until Will's stomach made an embarrassing noise and Mischa laughed, breaking away.

"Come, let my brother fatten you up." She said, raising from the bed and making a sign for Will. "I hope these clothes will fit you. Yours are still in the drying machine." She winked before leaving the room for privacy's sake.

Will looked over to the chair she pointed out, seeing a red sweater and black pants and he frowned. No underwear, of course, it was not hygienic to borrow that sort of clothing. But still, the feeling of being naked under Hannibal's clothes made a strange feeling grow under Will's skin.

Hannibal didn't seem that big but in front of the mirror, Will could see that eyes can be tricky. The sweater's collar was a little lower than it should; the sleeves touched Will's fing ers.
His pants hung loosely on his hip and Will watched as the outfit made him look smaller than he already was. Slowly, blue eyes fixed on his own image in front of the mirror, and Will grabbed the collar of his shirt and lifted it up to his nose, inhalin g deeply.

He closed his eyes.

What was wrong with him? Or maybe, what was wrong with Hannibal to make it smell like t hat? The sweater smelled like something masculine, from some cologne, and yet something u niquely from the older Lecter.
Will had been close enough to recognize. In his mind eye, Will tried to imagine Hannibal wearing those same clothes; How his breastplate would fill the cashmere fabric and the pants would be tighter around those muscular thighs. Hannibal definitely looked like the kind of guy who exercised regularly.

Sighing, he released his smock, smoothing his hair.
In the bathroom attached to the room he relieved himself and then rinsed his mouth, using too thpaste on his own fingers for the sake of hygiene.

It was not difficult then, barefoot, to follow the corridors. If Will didn't know the lower cham bers of the Lecter mansion, he would have been impressed enough with the upstairs rooms. Will counted at least seven doors before finding the stairs and down to the dining room, wher e accented voices murmured amongst themselves.

Will paused, unsure whether he was ready to face both Lecter's after last night. A
bit of insecurity and shame threatened to warm his face. Will took deep breaths in an attempt to gain higher control until the voices broke in the next room and the silence reigned,
as if the Lecter's knew that Will was there, waiting for him.

Feeling uneasy, but not knowing why,
Will walked into the kitchen, finding Hannibal and Mischa finishing what appeared to be a fa ntastic breakfast table. Both Lecter's looked up at Will,
as if his entrance had been a surprise. But Will knew better.
Mischa smiled, genuinely pleased and Hannibal remained unchanged. But still
Will could feel how the carmine eyes moved over his body, analysing how well his clothes se rved him. Or how well it didn't .

"Good morning, William, I hope you had a pleasant night."
Hannibal greeted, formal and polite as ever,
as if nothing in the world was more important than Will Graham's well-
being. Of course, Will also knew that it was a facade but still, it made it
hard to be angry with him.

"Yes, thank you. I'm sorry if I made a fool of myself last night and you guys had to see it."

"Well, we all have slip-
ups of controls one time or another." Hannibal assured him and Will raised an eyebrow, findi ng it difficult to imagine Hannibal "losing control" as he had done.

They sat down, in a position that recalled the same as they had assumed the first time
Will had dined there; Mischa on the opposite side, in
front of him, and Hannibal at the head of the table, beside them.
This small fact awakened a strange sense of *Deja Vu*. Uncomfortable,
Will adjusted the napkin in his lap, wondering if he really was an idiot for being there still.

Sensing his discomfort, Mischa began a
light subject, telling about an adoption fair his class had organized. She knew that Will loved dogs and that Hannibal was interested in basically everything she said, which made it easy fo r the flow of dialogue.
It was interesting for Will to observe the new established dynamic between the siblings, when they were not creeping Will
out. It was soft and kind of nice, and the food was delicious. So Will didn't even realized that

time was passing and he should go home.
Beverly would probably try to murder him anyway.

"I guess I should call a cab." Will said suddenly, interrupting Mischa.
He blushed then, realizing he had been rude. "Sorry. The food was delicious"
He said, using his napkin to dry his own mouth, avoiding the Lecter's gaze.

"Would you like me to give you a ride to your dorm, Will?"
Hannibal offered, watching him.

"No thank you. I think I've cause too much trouble already after using your bed, your clothes , and your food." Oh, Will's sarcasm. He just couldn't help it.

"Please, Will," Mischa insisted, leaning over the table so she could hold Will's hand.
"Hannibal does not mind. Right, Brother?"

"Of course not." Hannibal said, already standing.

"I have to change my clothes-"

"Mischa can show you where they are while I take the keys."

And that was how Will found himself inside a fucking Bentley, being taken home by Hanniba l
Lecter while wearing the same clothes from the previous day in what should be the walk of s hame. For most of the drive,
Will kept looking through the window of the car, through the streets that passed quickly arou nd him. Inexplicably, he was feeling embarrassed and the exact reason why was still unclear t o him. Maybe because he'd drugged himself and embarrassed both Lecter's the night before. Or for abusing the hospitality. Or for denying a three-
way offer to him and his sister and still maintaining the relationship.

Will sighed, wanting to jump out of the moving car.

"There's no reason for embarrassment between us, Will." Hannibal cut the silence and Will could feel the carmine gaze on him. "You did nothing wrong."

"Yeah, thanks." Will murmured. And then. "Why do you drive a Bentley?" Hannibal was silent and when Will turned to see him, he could see the corner of his lip lifted into what must have been a smile. Probably guessing at Will's line of reasoning. It was one
thing for Hannibal to be filthy rich but surely a BMW or some other modern car would satisfy an ordinary young man. Of course, Will was a fool to think of Hannibal as an ordinary young man.

"It was a gift."

"From whom?"

Hannibal remained silent again and Will felt his face heat up in a new kind of embarrassment, knowing that he had clearly asked something personal.

"A dear aunt." Hannibal said at last and in a way, it actually seemed as if he shared a secret.

With his face still burning, Will turned back to the car window, determined to remain silent for the rest of the journey.

He knew that Hannibal and Mischa's parents had died but it had never occurred to him that there were other relatives, another family. Certainly they didn't live nearby. Maybe in Lithuania? Will might ask Mischa someday, maybe. Feeling the car slowing in front of his fraternity, Will moved to remove the safety belt.

"Will." Hannibal called when Will had his hand on the door handle, his body turned to leave. Will stopped, turning to see Hannibal watching him, one arm leaning against the steering wheel and his body facing towards Will.

"I appreciate the fact that you have reconsidered staying with my sister."

"I didn't do it for you." *You will not benefit from it,* was implied in his words but Will knew that Hannibal realized that by the way his eyes darkened a shade more and he tilted his head slightly to the side. Almost as if Will had just launched a challenge rather than information.

"Of course, but seeing Mischa happy is enough benefit for me."

Will paused. Hannibal was being honest enough but there was still something implicit in his speech and Will could not guess what.

"Well, thanks for the ride and for everything else."

Will moved to get out of the car.

"Will." Hannibal called again and this time he had leaned just a little on the seat, his right hand moving to Will's thigh, as if it was a gesture of impulse to stop him before he could leave.

Will felt his heart skip a beat, an electric impulse was sent to the exact point of contact and spread throughout his body. Will could almost feel his pupil dilate, while images from the night before erupt like waves crashing against his skull.

Will kissing Mischa. A magnificent creature made of darkness, long horns, and sharp claws, seducing Will's soul. And then Hannibal, pressing Will against the wall, and Will rubbing against him, feeling the hard body as if it was everything he ever needed. The ghost of the pleasure he had felt in having both erections touching was there in the present and Will gasped. He opened his blue eyes and looked down to where Hannibal calmly removed his hand from Will's body.

"You do not have to thank me, that's what family does." He was saying, accent thick on his voice.

Will looked up at him. There was a smug satisfaction in his angular features, as if he knew exactly what just happened. And then, Hannibal's nostril flared, as if he could scent the air like a beast.

"Did you just smell me?"

"It must be from my clothes you used but you do smell like me, Will."

Will shivered, wondering how primal that was and why he could be fucking aroused by it, to be covered in Hannibal's scent. Afraid to be called again, Will pulled the
door handle and almost jumped out of the car, controlling himself not to run which was difficult when there was the terrible sensation of being watched by a predator.

Chapter End Notes

wow.
Better then this, just that Mads videogame clip. Did everyone watch?
He scents the air like a damn king.

Listener

Chapter Notes

This chapter was betad by Crazy Strange. Thank you, darling. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were scented candles on almost every flat surface of Mischa's place. The artificial light in the room was almost gone and the window was wide open, letting a gentle breeze drain from the candles, spreading the sweet aroma through out the room. The moon was full too, completing the scene that seemed to come from a novel by Jane Austen, just a little more modern however.

"You really put some effort into it." Will commented gently, looking at Mischa in front of him who held one of his hands between two delicate ones. From the scenery, she was the most valuable jewel. "I could have helped."

Mischa only smiled and whispered something in another language. Will loved the way her features looked even more delicate with low lighting. With her hair loose in soft waves over her pale shoulders, Mischa wore a light pink nightdress that matched the faint blush on her cheeks. The semi-transparent fabric fell gently over the curves of her body, revealing a white lace underwear. She was incredibly charming in Will's eyes and she knew it.

"When I first saw you ..." Mischa began, eliminating the space between them so she could stand on tiptoes. Her lips tickled Will's neck, sending chills down the back of his neck in a pleasant sensation. "I thought there could not be a prettier boy in the whole world ..."

"Mischa ..." Will whispered, closing his eyes, holding her thin waist as if she could break. "You're the beautiful one."

"Yes. But you do not see how people look at you." Slowly, she began to open the buttons on Will's shirt, revealing cream-white skin. "How they desire you."

"You don't have to seduce me, Mischa, by saying these things ..." Will retorted, the whole compliment making him slightly embarrassed. Preferring to concentrate on other things, he gently removed the blond hair from a thin shoulder and bent over, kissing the silky skin. Mischa sighed in his ear.

"You see too much." Will whispered, carried away. Slipping his hands from her waist to Mischa's hips, Will leaned over until he could grasp the hem of her small dress and lift it over her lithe body. Mischa helped by raising her arms, which she dropped around Will's neck as he let the piece fall from his hands.

With an impulse, Will lifted her into his lap and Mischa wrapped his legs around Will's waist, clinging to him as their lips met. The kiss was deep, carrying promises long enough for the night. Will could feel the way her bare skin shivering against him and it was delicious.

Walking toward the king-size bed, covered in satin sheets, Will deposited Mischa on the mattress. It was as if the colour of the sheets - in a deep gold tone - had been chosen exactly by the shade that stood out with Mischa, blending into her hair and making her look as if she were sinking into gold. Mischa closed her eyes, knowing she was being watched she arched her back, giving a show of her waist and small firm breasts pushing against her bra.

"Touch me, Will."

And touch her he did.

Will could attest that Mischa's taste was sublime. Mischa was a devoted lover, concerned that all her actions would be appealing to Will. And so they were. Even as the sweat made the golden strands stick to her skin, even the way she bit her bottom lip as she felt Will inside her for the first time and how she frowned in an attempt to control the sound of her voice . She was beautiful and Will was quite sure he was completely in love.

When he finished, condom properly discarded, he allowed himself to lie down beside Mischa who lay with her eyes closed and gasping for breath. Her pink nipples pointed upright at the ceiling, following the rapid movement of her breath. A faint blush covered Mischa's belly, rising up to her neck and cheek and she smiled as a slightly cooler breeze entered the room, fluttering the candles that now seemed a little too hot.

"Are you alright?" Will asked, moving over the now sticky sheet on his sweaty back.

"I'm three times fine." Mischa chuckled, turning to Will.

"Thank you." Will winked, feigning presumption.

"Full of yourself now, huh?" She murmured, throwing a bare leg over Will's hips, extremely comfortable with her own nudity.

"Well ... it might be *you* getting full of me, if you want to. Again." Will murmured in a good mood and Mischa laughed again, rising on her elbow so she could kiss him. The moment was sweet and good and Will wished it could last longer.

That's when the phone rang.

Mischa moaned in frustration and didn't stop kissing Will until the noise became too annoying for the little after-glow in which they were wrapped. It was Will who turned and grabbed the Mischa's newly purchased Iphone and handed it to her, politely avoiding the viewfinder.

Cursing in her native language, Mischa answered as she threw herself back on the mattress, staring at the ceiling.

"Hello." She said, and apparently there was no response once she answered again. Shifting her cell phone so she could face the viewfinder, the small wrinkle between Mischa's eyes deepened and she tried once more a response before she hung off.

"A prank?" Will asked, sliding his forefinger over Mischa's bony clavicle in a caress.

"I think so." She replied, her face softening again and she let the phone fall over the mattress. But somehow, this time she seemed a bit forced. The current mood was not the same as seconds ago.

"It's everything all right?" Will asked again, feeling her concern in soft waves of emotion.

"Of course, I'm not hurt." She assured, taking Will's hand to her own lips where she kissed.

Will knew she was aware that this wasn't what he was talking about but he was polite enough to respect the decision not to talk about the phone call. Maybe it was family stuff. After all, there was so much he still didn't know about the Lecter's.

It was exactly after three hours that Mischa's cell phone rang again. Will woke to the noise and quickly picked up the phone before it could wake her. He didn't intend to answer but when he saw the unknown number on the display, he associated it with the previous call and slid his finger on the screen, putting the phone to his ear.

"What is your problem?" He growled into the phone in a low tone, not hearing the answer. Will sighed, rubbing his eyes. "You should get something else more mature to do, you fucker."

Knowing that this would also have no answer, Will hung up the device, putting it back on the nightstand. Mischa was still asleep and turned sideways. Will could watch as the moonlight cut through an angular square inside the room, illuminating one of Mischa's legs, still snoring peacefully. She was beautiful, resting like an innocent angel who deserved all the nice things in the world. Will bent over her, gently kissing her forehead, and rose from the bed.

He put his shirt and pants back on but didn't bother putting on his shoes. His throat was dry enough, forcing him to go looking for water. On the display of Mischa's cell phone, he could see that it was only after midnight, which meant he hadn't slept that long. Careful to shut the door quietly so he would not wake Mischa, Will walked down the stairs to the lower floor, following the familiar path to the kitchen. Feeling discomfort in opening the refrigerator to get access to the ice water, Will filled one of the crystal glasses from the tap, which was good enough for his dry throat. Before they went upstairs, Mischa had prepared a light dinner for both of them, but sex was always a good energy dumper, and Will felt ready to eat again. But of course, for that he could wait until the next morning.

It was rather strange to feel at ease in Lecter's dark, empty mansion. Will didn't know where Hannibal was, nor did he care to know, but the fact that he wasn't uncomfortable with the siblings' presence was something of a note about his personality. Intimacy and familiarity was something unusual in Will's life. Even Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian took some time to invade his personal space. But Mischa, and even Hannibal, had something different. Something wild that made him feel at home. After all, he was still there.

Coming out of his vanity, Will finished his second glass and filled it again, keeping in mind that if Mischa woke up with the same desire, there would be water waiting for her. It was on the way back to the room that Will heard a noise, something subtle enough to make him uncertain if he had actually heard it.

"Hello?" Will called, keeping his voice low for the sake of the sleeping people.
There was another noise and Will turned toward the living room. Squinting, suspicious, Will faced a small internal battle whether he should investigate or not. It could be Hannibal with someone. It could be some thief. It could be an invading cat. But ... it was none of his business?
Slowly, with light steps, Will stopped in front of the doorway of the living room. It was now visible the light from the TV's display, casting a white reflection to the outside. However, there was no sound. With a frown, Will entered the room, ready to fight or fly.

But that was not necessary.

The couch was in front of Will, but instead of how it usually was in most homes, it was positioned on the side so that whoever sat there would never be caught off guard by someone who came in. It was a strategic enough position for Will to be sure that Hannibal was responsible for it.
And it was Hannibal himself who was sitting in the luxurious upholstered, long legs crossed supporting Alana Bloom's head, who was languorously lying down and watching a Charlie Chaplin's movie.

"Hello Will." Hannibal said, without raising his gaze from the tablet in his hands.

Will felt himself blushing immediately. Although neither Hannibal nor Alana was engaged in any kind of erotic activity, it was clear that it was an intimate moment. Will considered momentarily the idea of running away. But Alana had turned in Hannibal's lap, and the blue eyes darkened by the lack of enlightenment observed him in a mixture of fright and surprise. Then she smiled politely.

"Hello Will, it's good to see that you're okay!" She said, and Will took only a second to figure out that she was referring to when he was drugged at the party a few days ago. Great.

"Thank you." Will smiled bitterly. "Nothing a good night's sleep would not solve."

Alana smiled and it seemed really genuine. Will tried to remember everything he knew about the almost doctor. Beverly had a crush on her. She also did some volunteer work at a charity and came from a middle-class family. And she was interesting enough to be in Hannibal Lecter's favour.

"And did you?" Lecter asked then.

"What?"

"Have good night's sleep?" Lecter looked up and like Alana's, his eyes lay extremely dark in low light. Will knew that cut out against the door's light, he was just a silhouette. But still Hannibal seemed to see him in full.

Will held his gaze for a second. For a moment he believed he would see resentment. After all, according to Mischa's previous proposal, Hannibal should be with them the first night as well. But Will couldn't detect that particular feeling. Hannibal's eyes, as always, were extremely difficult to read, but Will was a good reader.

"I did." Will said, with just a bit of a defiant tone, watching a small glow of satisfaction cross Hannibal's features. He seemed to be almost smiling, with the micro tilt of his lips. It was interesting to see how much Will could see with the tiny tips Hannibal dropped with his expressions. It was like the man had a particular pleasure in proving himself a challenge, even though Will knew it was not just with him. Hannibal was always inexpressive, with everyone.

"Would you like to watch the movie with us?" Alana offered, and then Will realized he was still engaged in a staring duel with Bloom's boyfriend. He felt his own face heating again, and he lowered his eyes to the glass cup still in his hands.

"No, I'm sorry to interrupt you, I should just take this up.

"Would you like me to make tea for your sleeping problem?" Hannibal offered courteously, and Will felt a strange cold in his stomach from imagining returning to the kitchen with Hannibal, while Alana remained there waiting for them.

"No need, but thank you anyway."

Still feeling as if Hannibal's gaze actually had weight, Will turned around. It was difficult to control the memories that were being associated with the elder's presence. Will wondered if Hannibal could smell his sister on him like he smelled himself last time. Will had never had a little sister, but he thought his possessiveness would make it impossible for him to be friends with the man who had sex with her. But Hannibal seemed perfectly fine with that. Which was odd, considering how close they both were. Maybe Hannibal just wasn't the possessive type.

Will Graham had taken only two steps when he heard his name, in Alana's soft voice. He hesitated only a second, before his curiosity overcame ethics and he turned, taking the two steps back and stopping by the door, hiding.

"Yes, he's with Mischa." Hannibal was saying, his voice hoarse saying his sister's name as if

it had been made for his voice and accent.

There was a hesitation and Will was about to return to his course when Alana continued.

"You seem to *enjoy* him."

Will felt his heart begin to pound in his chest. Certainly by the adrenaline of listening to something not meant for his ears. But he couldn't move from his spot either.

"Do I?"

Hannibal's voice was completely unchanged and by the way the conversation was interspersed, Will didn't doubt that the man was still watching the tablet instead of the movie or his date.

"You always liked pretty things."

"Do you consider yourself to be a pretty thing?"

Alana probably smiled, because her voice sounded softer on her next words.

"Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder."

"And the most liberating thing is to realize that you are the beholder."

"And you do have beautiful, mysterious eyes." Alana agreed, still smiling. And then, there was a kissing sound.

Will breathed again, closing his eyes. Hannibal had subtly shied away from the subject of Will and apparently Alana's interest had been short. For the second time, Will moved to continue his course when Alana once again spoke.

"But you don't think Will's just a pretty face, though." She said, voice a little muffled by what Will imagined was Hannibal's mouth.

"Of course. Not just that." There was a sigh and Alana's voice sounded in a low moan. Will felt his whole face warm and he knew that now was the time to leave, but he was still unable to move, the glass of water becoming sweaty in his hand. He could hear the rush of clothing being moved and he imagined Alana's white skin being exposed. Maybe Hannibal's chest being touched with skinny fingers and red nails. Will felt his stomach heating and he closed his eyes, trying to focus.

"What else?" Alana insisted, with a breathy voice.

"He's Mischa's boyfriend."

"But she wouldn't mind, would she?" Alana asked, voice so low that Will had to struggle to

be able to listen. "She would let you try him if you wanted."

There was a moan, a little louder this time, and utterly shocked, Will heard Alana exclaim "*Hannibal*" with what could be worship. It was surprising that Alana knew of the peculiarity of the siblings. And though Will didn't know whether she agreed or not, Will could tell she was trying to bait Hannibal. For anyone It could sound as a dirty talk attempt but Will could feel her insecurity from a distance. It was understandable; Hannibal was an empty space for stability. Reserved, handsome, rich. But he was also out of reach. Surely Alana loved the sex, she probably never had a more dedicated lover, but she knew that no matter how many times they had sex, she couldn't touch him any deeper then physical. She couldn't awaken in Hannibal the same passion that set her on fire. Will could feel all of this and how much Alana wanted Hannibal to take over and love her. She wasn't envious of Will, who was already so easily introduced to the Lecter family, but there was a slight resentment that made her jealous.

"I'm satisfied enough with you." Hannibal said then with a rougher voice that touched Will's core, and probably Alana's too for the way she whimpered. Then, when the wet noise of kissing returned, Will knew that Hannibal had succeeded in removing him from the argument, especially when what he had said fit exactly into what Alana wanted to hear.

And it sting a little, just a little, in Will.

Removing himself from Alana mindseting and refusing to be a voyeur any longer, Will moved away, trying to ignore all the images of naked body's and strong arms that was threatening to invade his head. Looking down, Will stared at his trembling hand and wondered what would be if instead of Alana, Hannibal was kissing him.

He stopped to ask himself why he was so shaken in Hannibal's influence.

It was clear now that he felt some surt of desire for the older Lecter.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all still with me <3

Desires

Chapter Notes

As always, this chapter is good to go thanks to CrazyStrange. <3

Be aware for a little of dub-con in the end. Just a little, I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things between Will and Mischa eventually began to escalate from good to better. Spending more time together, it was apparent how much they had in common. Will had forgotten how easy it was to smile with her and how Mischa's hoarse laugh was simply delicious. It was fascinating too how her accent was always prominent when she woke up and unknowingly, during coffee, she would approach Will in her native tongue, unaware of the confused but amused look of the young man. "Mischa darling, English please." Hannibal would say and automatically, the girl would change her language with a fluidity worthy of note.

Beverly still mocked Will from time to time, asking if the wedding was already scheduled. The truth is that despite being with Mischa for only a few weeks, Will spent most of his time in college or at Lecter's home, studying alongside Mischa or making love to her with the open window, taking advantage of the soft breeze and the scent of Mischa that slowly became one of his favourite things in the world.

As for Hannibal, this also seemed to evolve with Alana; Will met her a little more frequently in the corridors of the Lecter mansion. During the night, twice, he had already found her wandering through the kitchen or study wearing Hannibal's shirt only. Whenever this happened, she would blush intensely and apologized before disappearing through the nearest door. When this happened, it was hard not to remember the night that Will had overheard Alana and Hannibal having sex using him as dirty talk subject. *Sort of.*

Time and again, Will would catch himself remembering about this peculiar night. He had never told Mischa; It didn't seem necessary since Hannibal seemed completely indifferent to him lately. As polite as ever, Hannibal was always nice to Will however, neither he nor Mischa ever addressed the issue again about sharing him. Somehow, Will knew that Mischa had not yet given up completely on the idea but she was silent on the subject.
Hannibal didn't even touch him in fact, even the intense looks that seemed to pierce Will's soul stopped. It was as if Hannibal had zero interest in Will. Not one. Nothing. Which should be a good thing. After all, that was what Will wanted right? This made it much easier for Will to handle the attraction that had emerged for the older Lecter. It was unacceptable and he was ashamed to even admit it to Beverly. It was easier to push it under the rug and step on it and wait for it to disappear.

So, for the better, Will decided that he could also facilitate everyone's relationship by avoiding Hannibal as well. It was easier to deal with his attraction and not betray (if it could be called a betrayal) Mischa or make Alana's life more difficult; It was clear she was trying hard to conquer her space in the house and in the heart of the older Lecter.

So that night, when Mischa had gone up to a shower and Will stood using the kitchen table to finish homework, he didn't even look up when Hannibal entered the room. He could feel Hannibal's presence easily because it was always as if the room was subtly warmer. Or smaller.

"Good evening, Will." Hannibal greeted, as he always did. Always a gentleman.

Will nodded, fingers still moving swiftly over the notebook's keyboard. Perhaps it might be considered rude his lack of response but well, Will wasn't known for his politeness.

"The library table might be more useful to you for that purpose."

"I'm almost done ..." Will said. Actually, he came to the kitchen to keep Mischa's company and when she left, he was almost done. So he could keep quiet and get out of Hannibal's way soon enough.

But instead of an answer, Will heard the sound of one of the high chairs crawling the floor. Thinking that Hannibal was about to join him, Will looked up. But rather then Hannibal, he found a very beautiful, very blonde woman.

"Good Evening, Mr. Graham." She said with a piercing voice.

Will stammered something in response, in a very unattractive way. How did she know his name?

Hannibal was adjusting the chair for her and then went for the shelves. Meanwhile, Will stared at the new intruder. She seemed older than Hannibal, only by a few years. But her bearing was exceedingly elegant and her pale eyes evaluated Will in a calculating way, not so different from Hannibal, only with a different kind of superiority.

"Please, Hannibal, I can't delay." She said then, finally removing her sharp gaze from Will and turning to the other man.

"Of course not." Hannibal said, approaching the counter. In a glass jar, there were what looked like yellow potatoes and carefully Hannibal put it in a firm bag. "I hope you have a good cook."

"I can arrange it." The woman said, and made no move to pick up the bag after Hannibal left it on the counter. But her eyes moved over the pack and Will could feel her greed. "It's not *Tartufo Bianco*'s season, how did you get them?"

"Shall we just say that I have my means, dear Bedelia." Hannibal said only, the conversation flowing perfectly as if Will was not here. Not that he was complaining. Bedelia and Hannibal

together formed a couple intimidating enough that Will wanted to go look for something else to do.

"Of course you do." The woman, Bedelia, rose gracefully, hands pale like claws as she clutched the bag by the handle. "I appreciate this generous gift."

To Will, she didn't sound like she really appreciated the favour and maybe Hannibal thought the same way he just nodded.

"Always a pleasure."

"I can show myself to the door." She said then, and placing a free hand on Hannibal's face, she stood on tiptoe and kissed his mouth. It was something simple and quick, before turning on her high heels and leaving without bothering to say goodbye to Will.

Will was shocked.

"What happened to Alana?" Will asked, momentarily forgetting his vow of silence over Hannibal.

"What do you mean?" Hannibal moved from the counter to the sink. Will watched in disbelief as he began to roll the sleeves of his shirt to the elbows and then began to wash the utensils Mischa had left behind, as if nothing happened.

"Well, you were dating."

"We still are. Bedelia is just a friend."

"Do you usually kiss all your friends?"

Hannibal paused in what he was doing, his arms stopped moving inside the sink.

"You sound jealous, Will."

Will blinked, feeling his face warm. He could not be jealous. After all, he was tired of seeing Alana touching Hannibal and he had heard them fuck. What could be different about this Bedelia? He saw intimacy between them, but different from Alana, Bedelia seemed as devoid of emotion as Hannibal. Maybe even a little worse.

Without understanding a response, Will began to close the windows on his computer, preparing to turn it off.

"I just think Alana is a good person."

"I am quite sure she is. I am courting her after all."

"Are you really?"

"Do you disagree?"

Subtly uncomfortable with the pace of the conversation, Will slammed the notebook shut, pulling the charger out of the socket. He suddenly preferred when Hannibal was ignoring him. Even because Will didn't understand why he was suddenly irritated. Hannibal had this incredible ability to change his mood.

"It's none of my business."

Hannibal turned and with his hand wet with soap and water, held Will's forearm, completely dominating his attention with the action.

"Will, please. Indulge me."

"I think it's a bit clear that she's at a deeper level of your relationship than you are." Will said, before he could stop himself. Perhaps as a way of distracting himself from the disquieting sensation that physical contact with Hannibal brought to his body. It was always strange, as if it was not meant to happen, but it was still provocative.

"Elaborate," Hannibal demanded softly.

"She wants a commitment. Alana is in love with you and you *appreciate* her company." Will summed it up simply. "Which makes you a bastard for playing with her feelings."

With a push, Will tried to take his arm out of Hannibal's grasp and Hannibal let him, moving his lips in a half smile, dark eyes glowing dangerously dark.

"Righteous Will, always so quick to judge," Hannibal said, and Will felt a chill run down his spine as the accent doubled warmly in the vowels of his name. "I really admire your empathy. Yet Alana knows about my feelings for her. And you underestimate the delicacy of hers."

"I usually do not mistake my assumptions." Will insisted, taking a step back as Hannibal approached one.

"I suppose not. Can you get it right with your feelings as well?"

Will stopped breathing.

"What?"

"Are you angry for Alana's sake, or for yours?"

"I don't..."

Hannibal approached another step and Will felt the edge of the table against his back, preventing him from increasing the diminished space that Hannibal still permitted between them. Will could almost feel the solid contact of the other man's body and to his growing horror, his body was beginning to respond to that.

"I can feel you pining, Will." Hannibal closed his eyes, inhaling. This close Will could feel Lecter's breath caress his face. "The taste of your desire is sweet in my tongue."

"You are wrong." Will whispered, unable to look away from the sharp cheekbones, the bowed lips so tempting...

Hannibal opened his eyes, wide pupils against the carmine portion of his irises. He didn't smile but still Will could feel his amusement as the man bent down, mouth approaching dangerously and surely to Will's.

Steps approached then and they both turned their faces to the interruption.

Will could barely focus his sight under the sound of his own heart in his ears but there in the door was Mischa, wrapped in her own bathrobe and with wet blonde hair draped over her shoulders. Her eyes widening in surprise, Will could see the exact moment when she associated what was happening; Hannibal's body almost touching Will, pressed against the table. Their lips so close that his breath was already being shared and their heads - including Will's - angled in the exact position for a kiss.

"Excuse." She asked, then opened a huge, contented *smile*.

"Mischa ..." Will called, but she turned and furtively disappeared through the door.

"Mischa!" Will tried again, and this time he turned away from Hannibal to follow her.

He didn't get far.

With a tight grip, Hannibal grasped Will's wrist and in an extremely skilled way, pulled him against himself, moving his body so that Will was pressed against the sink, his back glued to Hannibal's chest.

Will gasped, surprised, unable to cope with the surge of excitement that swept through his body with the simple sensation of being manhandled by Hannibal. Will held onto the sink as a source of stability as Hannibal's hands trailed the sides of his body, mapping Will's ribs until two found themselves in front of his pants, undoing his zipper.

"What are you ..." Will gasped, but Hannibal's lips touched his neck, too hot on his skin and taking away his words.

"Did you enjoy hearing me say your name while I *fucked* Alana that night?" Hannibal whispered, and the crude word sounded so profane in his hoarse voice that Will could barely assimilate that he had been discovered on his night of lurking. Will only moaned loudly as the tips of Hannibal's still wet fingers touched his erection.

It was impossible not to admit that he wanted it. That he yearned for Hannibal's strong hands around him, as he was doing now. But it was safer inside his head and not outside where his face burned with shame at the mere thought. Hannibal seemed to appreciate every second of his embarrassment and surrender. Lecter's lips were now pressed into Will's ear, making him hear each balanced breath as Hannibal undid him with his fingers, one hand fully enveloped on his cock and the other pushing his shirt up, thumb finding a nipple.

"Is that kind of power exciting for you?" Hannibal whispered with his mouth on dark curly hair, clenched fist with fast bumps around Will.

Will knew he wouldn't last long, it wasn't possible when the accumulation of sensation ran through his body with such intensity. He had never been touched like this by a man before and he did not know he wanted to meet Hannibal. Biting his lower lip to control the moans he didn't wanted to show, Will let his head fall backward, leaning against Hannibal's shoulder who took the opportunity to move his lips to Graham's throat. No marks, just the stable pressure of moulded lips and a warm tongue, sweeping his skin. Tasting him.

"Don't ... psychoanalyze me." Will moaned as Hannibal twisted his hand, running his thumb over the tip of his cock before returning in the succession of strokes. Focusing on the movements of his hand, Hannibal only hummed the answer, causing the vibration to be felt in Will's throat.

And for Will it was enough.

The smell of Lecter's perfume, the contact, the way Hannibal sounded more hoarse made Will have perhaps one of the fastest orgasms of his life.

The first hot stream of cum hit Will's chin and the rest his abdomen while Hannibal continued to stimulate him during his orgasm, urged to remove some sound from Will who was gasping hard. Too sensitive to allow any longer, Will pulled his hand from the sink - which lay dormant by the force with which he was holding the marble - and pushed Hannibal's away from his own body.

Now Will needed some space with urgency. His body was too hot, his head too full. He felt himself about to explode.

Hannibal let him go and when Will turned around, he could feel a slight surge of irritation when he saw that the man remained as flawless as ever, just the line of his tightened member cut against his pants. Angry, Will cleaned his chin and adjusted his own clothes, covering himself.

"I'm not okay with this." Will said, feeling the need to regain some control that he had miserably lost and murdered in the last few minutes.

"Of course not." Hannibal said, and to Will's incredible humiliation, Lecter raised his left hand, still covered with the exact proof of just how *okay with this* Will had been. Under Will's completely embarrassed gaze, Hannibal licked his forefinger, wiping Will's cum from it.

And just like that, Will felt good to go again.

"Stop it," Will said, and Hannibal did so, hiding both hands behind his back.

"You do not have to deprive yourself of what you want, Will," Hannibal said with a serious voice. "Not when what you want is accessible to you."

"What is this? A free sample of what I can have?" Will asked, unable to reduce the irritation in his own voice. He was angry with Lecter for having control over him, with Mischa for encourage it, and with himself for allowing it.

"This is whatever you want it to be."

Will closed his eyes, raising both hands and pressing them into his face, as if that were enough to protect himself from the enormous influence in front of him. It was too tempting, and why not? He could have Mischa and Hannibal and they'd both be okay with that. Right now with his body still hot from the ghost of Hannibal's touch, it seemed perfect.

But it still felt wrong. There was something that didn't fit. Will couldn't be with someone who was doing a favour to his little sister. He still didn't want to be shared like a thing.

"I don't want you to touch me again."

Hannibal didn't answer and Will opened his eyes to make sure the man was still there.

And he was, silent as death.

Will opened his mouth but quickly closed it. He didn't know what else to say and he feared that whatever came out of his mouth was not favourable to his own cause.

Then, no later than, he passed Hannibal, picked up his notebook and left the kitchen, feeling his pants stick with his own pleasure. And in his mind, Will knew that the only challenge would be to resist Hannibal at first, until he could get used to his presence again.

But that, Will hoped it wouldn't be a problem.

Chapter End Notes

Can Hannibal sell a product? We'll see.
Happy holidays <3

Behavior

Chapter Notes

> Hello folks, its been a while. I'm sorry it took so long for this chapter, but well, I've been in transition in my real life, so I hope it is not to late. Your comments its what made me come back and not give up on this. So, thank you. <3
> And still with me its Crazy Strange making it all readable for you. So, aplause to them. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Outside of the Lecter mansion, there was a man standing hidden behind some tall trees. There was not much you could see from his face, even by approaching. Actually, if you come to think of it, he was there for quite a few hours now. Just standing still, eyes fixed on the glass windows of the big house. His hair was dark in the night, but it could be a shade of blonde if there was just a bit of light to show it. Unlike his eyes that were truly dark, as if no light in the world could reflect in his cruel stare.

After what could feel like hours, the silence in the empty street was interrupted by a phone ringing. The hidden man took it fast from his pocket, putting it to his left ear. When his lips moved, no English came out. He was speaking fast and perfect german, and just a few words after he turned the device off, putting it back in his pocket. He sighed and glanced once back at the house, almost as if longing. Taking his phone back, the man didn't turn his eyes away from the windows, but his finger moved typing and soon enough, a low and small tune could be heard from the mansion. The man let it ring until it ended on its own. Probably the person on the other end of the line picked up, but the man's device never came to his ear. He put the device away right in the moment when a black car parked in front of him. A door opened. And just like that, the tall, misterious man, was gone.

Will was flushed every time he laid eyes on Hannibal. He just couldn't help it. It was just the man showing up in any room that made Will feel his cheeks getting warmer, and he knew, he knew it was red like a fucking flushing bride. He would wish to be dead then, to save himself from the shame. Mischa and Hannibal would make their best efforts to pretend they didn't see, it was supposed to have helped, but only made Will feel worse to understand that the siblings had so much self-control about themselves.

After the kitchen incident, Mischa never approached the subject and Will was too embarrassed to try on his own. Hannibal was back to ignoring him, as if nothing happened at all, or as if Will was never there. And damn it if Will wasn't hating it all. He didn't want to be seen by Hannibal, but he didn't want to be ignored either, because it made him feel less like a person and more like an object that Hannibal was trying to fondle to please Mischa's wish.

Oh, Will was quite disgusted with himself.

All this made things a bit sour with his relationship with Mischa. He couldn't make love to her without thinking about her brother, and he couldn't think about her brother without feeling a mist of love and hate and rage. How dare he, to use Will's body like that.

And Will couldn't stop torturing himself with those thoughts. About how Hannibal's hands felt against him. Against his skin. About how those lips touched his neck, never quite kissing, but the heat making him shiver. More than once, Will caught himself staring at Hannibal's mouth when he was talking to Mischa. One day, Will couldn't take his eyes from Hannibal's forearm, his muscles moving when he chopped a onion in the balcony. It was a good thing then that Hannibal was ignoring him, so Will could just watch in a furtive way, without being caught by the older Lecter.

He should feel guilty about Mischa, but it wasn't what she wanted? Will discovered that Alana was the one to make him feel bad for his traitorous thoughts. She was the one a bit normal over there, innocent, that was truly in love with Hannibal. She was pure, and Will often had a deep wish to protect her.

"A sweet for your thoughts." Mischa sang from the bathroom.

" I'm thinking about how you should go to the police and report this harassment."

Will put her phone back on the bed. It was the third time that day that it rang and stopped before anyone could answer, always with the Unknown number as ID.

"It's just some prank, Will. Nothing to worry about" She called back, using the mirror to apply some lipstick and then turning. "How do I look?"

"Beautiful"

Will smiled, watching his girlfriend turning on her heels to give him a view in all angles.

"The prettiest."

She laughed, and came to kiss Will's lips in appreciation. She knew she was gorgeous, there was not one single drop of doubt that she was stunning in the dress, but of course she loved the praise, and Will was more than willing to give it to her.

"Shall we come down?" She asked, and Will sighed, nodding. "Come on, could you at least pretend you are pleased?"

"Well, I am pleased" Will said, but unable to force enthusiasm in his voice. Hannibal made dinner for a double date, and Will saw himself forced to accept when Mischa and Alana

received the news with utter happiness. Of course, Hannibal intended it to be a trap, because Will wouldn't be brave enough to be the only one grumpy and then kill everyone's joy. So he just accepted, hearing Hannibal saying "great" without even looking at him.

Will considered the hypothesis that the man was offended by his behavior. And well, he should! He was the wrong one, and not Will. Will would rather die than apologise, and it sounded crazy just to think about it. So, if Hannibal wanted a weird ass dinner date, he would have one. And Will would prove that he could survive this bizarre family.

"Glad you could join us" Hannibal greeted them, pulling Mischa's chair so she could sit. Alana was there already, with a huge smile on her pretty lips, eyes shining with excitement. Will could feel the rush of happiness coming from her. To finally be there, finally be accepted as Hannibal another one. Will felt his stomach twisting.

"Hello Will" She said, seeming willing to start some small talk. "How are you doing?"

"Well… marvelous." Will didn't intend to sound as acid as it came out. Or as guilty. He took his place next to Mischa and far away from Hannibal, that was putting zero effort to be nice or acknowledged him at all.

"Oh, he just sounds like that because he was not very good on the final exams." Mischa came to Will's aid.

"Oh?" Alana sounded surprised, giving space for Hannibal that was pouring her some fancy wine.

"Yeah… I'm having trouble with my focus."

"It is common with a very active imagination." Hannibal said, serving Mischa and Will soon after, before going back to his seat.

It felt like a compliment, but Will didn't like it anyway. Seemed that Hannibal was talking *about* him instead of *at* him.

"Oh my, this is delicious." Alana exclaimed, tasting Hannibal's *Foie Gra*s.

Hannibal accepted the compliment with a nod, hearing Mischa's giving voice to her own favored opinion over his own food.

Will looked down at his own plate, and he couldn't touch his fork. He was so used to Hannibal's shitty, fancy description of his own food that he developed a very useful ability of shutting it off. He didn't need to know he was about to eat a chicken tempered with some salt from the Himalayas. So that probably was the reason why he didn't heard Hannibal saying that tonight's dinner would be *that.*

"You will not eat, puppy?" Mischa asked, touching his hand over the table, closed tight around a napkin.

"Sorry, I'm not hungry." He said, dry.

There was heavy silence. Until the Older Lecter broke it.

“You do not appreciate the food’s source.”

Mischa glanced surprised at Hannibal, but his eyes were on Will, that raised his own to meet him. Over a week, and it was strange to hear the old brother referring to him again.

“No, I don’t.”

“I’m sure there is an ethical way to…” Alana started.

“Force food into a duck until his liver is about twelve times bigger?’

“Will.” Mischa called, and Will hated to hear that she was a bit ashamed.

Will was embarrassing her.

It was enough so he could feel the heat over his face, and he looked down, feeling the weight of Hannibal, Alana, and Mischa’s stare.

“Maybe I could offer you the next course then.” Hannibal suggested. His eyes never left Will, and there was a strange curiosity over those dark, maroon eyes. Will doubted that there was anything in the world that Hannibal wouldn’t find interesting at all.

Will had lost his appetite altogether, but he was longing to leave the table, so he just nodded.

“Yeah, please don’t bother, I can go serve myself. Excuse me.”

Feeling his nape on fire, Will left the room, wondering about how he should have put a little bit more effort to deny the company of those three together. It was everything he needed, to misbehave on the dinner date, but he was too fond of animals to be just fine with such cruelty. He had some limits he hoped he wouldn’t cross.

Over the kitchen, what seemed a real feast was set over the table. Apparent, Hannibal prepared a three-course meal, with dessert. Maybe he was really trying to impress Alana. Choosing what looked like a soup, he made all the process of putting himself a meal the slowest possible, in a way to give room for everyone to make their comments about his behavior, or, if they were to refine for that, at least to let the bad mood evade.

“Is this really about my food?”

“Fuck.”

The spoon made a clattering sound when Will let it slip from his hands. He wasn’t expecting the accented voice so near, so fast. He turned, to see Hannibal staring at him from the door.

“Why? It is so hard to believe I don’t enjoy animal torment?”

“So, is this where you cross your line of animal activist? Or are you telling me you also refuse shrimp. I recall you eating meat once or twice at my table.”

“Yes! I can eat a cow that had a pressure bullet in its forehead. I fish. I eat them. But you sure as fuck will not talk me into eating this Foie shit.”

“Language, please.” Hannibal asked, and Will grumbled, feeling angry. “Your morals are peculiar. So you measure the suffering of your food?”

“Well, they don’t deserve this”.

“If we ate only what deserves to be tortured, there would be only human flesh filling our fridge.”

“Maybe that would be correct.” Will said, feeling petulant. He was just uncomfortable with how the conversation was going.

“Well then.” Hannibal said, and he seemed pleased with himself, the bastard.

Refusing to look at him anymore, Will turned to put his plate inside of the sink. He gave up on his pretense about eating. He didn’t want it, he wouldn’t do it. So, when he turned, it shouldn’t be a surprise when he found Hannibal almost glued to him. What was with this man with being a ninja?

“Back off.” Will said, defensively.

“We have to talk about your behavior since last week.”

“My behavior?” Will asked, incredulous. “You are the one pretending I don’t exist. Which is very contradicting with the way you put your hands inside my pants last week.”

“I do not recall you complaining.”

“Then you have a serious memory problem.”

“Would you like me to apologize?” Hannibal asked, calm, and Will knew of course he was just putting up a show.

“Forget it. Why the sudden concern?”

“Well, Mischa is upset.”

Will stopped. Mischa was upset? That Hannibal harassed Will in her kitchen and she let it? And she enjoyed it? And she was probably hoping for more?

“Unbelievable.” Will said, and he was done. When he moved to leave, Hannibal made Will stop, using his own body to again trap Will against the sink. With one hand, Hannibal took Will’s face, making him unable to move his head away, forcing him to take Hannibal’s glare. It happened very fast, very suddenly, and Will fought just a little, trying not to see into those red eyes.

“I have to ask you to behave.” Hannibal asked, his breath touching Will’s lips.

“Make me.” Will dared, putting all the challenge in his voice. But Hannibal didn’t move. His eyes shone darker, but he remained composed. Will wasn’t sure what he was asking. And he didn’t want to think about it any further.

“Then let me go.” He demanded.

“I know that you are in love with me.” Hannibal said then, and Will’s heart stopped. His body was frozen on the spot.

“I’m not… I don’t.”

“You don’t.” Hannibal agreed, and his eyes were dark, so dark. Will licked his lips, feeling his body too hot. He knew his pupils were dilated, and his blood was pumping fast in his veins.

“You can give me your body if you like” Hannibal kept talking, and he pressed his hips against Will’s, showing the only indication that he was eager for it. “But your heart is hers, and hers only.”

“You…” Will whispered, blinking fast, refusing to let tears come out. “You don’t get to tell me what to do. What you’re saying isn’t true.”

“Will…” Hannibal whispered, his accented voice making a shiver run down Will’s spine. “You do know. Look at how you react to me. How you look at me. You cannot let it change the way you feel about her.”

“I didn’t.”

“You did.” Hannibal accused, voice poisoned against Will’s ear. “But make no mistake. I do not share your enthusiasm. I only touch you because it is Mischa’s wish.”

“Liar.” Will said, and for his utter shame, he felt a tear running down his cheek. Hannibal was trying to break him. It wasn’t like he didn’t know this already, but hearing him say it hurt. “You fucking want me.”

“Well, who does not?” Hannibal granted. “With those lips.” He ran a thumb over Will’s bottom lip unshaping it, so red and wine stained. “Those innocent and wicked eyes, begging to be wrecked. The smell of your skin, so tempting…”

Will felt Hannibal smelling him, right close to his ear. Will knew he was lost. He was refusing to cry, and he should be strong enough just to launch a punch, and everything would be ok.

“You are truly beautiful Will.” Hannibal said then, hands moving away from Will’s face to his hair, in a adoring way. “But only Mischa really loves you, and desires more than your body.”

Will mumbled something. Both of them were very close now, Will’s forehead touching Hannibal’s shoulder, while the man was imposing himself all over Will, surrounding him, making his smell invade all of Will’s pores while he was crushing his heart with both hands.

“Pardon?” Hannibal asked again, not really caring, nose sunk against Will’s curls as if there was no other place he would prefer to be.

“Get the fuck away from me.” Will asked again, his voice a little more audible.

Hannibal sighed, but did what he was told, giving a step back so Will could move freely.

“You are a sick bastard, you know?” Will said, angrily rubbing his eyes, moving away any trace of tear.

“I would beg to differ.”

“You and your sister are playing with me.”

“Of course not. She loves you.”

Will knew that. It would be so much easier if he didn’t love her too. He could be miles away from these two. If he was just a bit normal, maybe he would have ran away already.

“I don’t think I can come back.”

“I can make things easier for you.” Hannibal assured.

“How?”

“I will get engaged to Alana.”

“You what?”

Hannibal leaned his head to the side, evaluating Will’s reaction.

“I know you feel guilty about your feelings for me, because of her.”

“My feel- don’t fucking say it like that,” Will asked, using both hands to cover his eyes, as if it could give him some space from the man. “Can you hear yourself? What about Alana’s feelings?”

“I assure you she will be quite pleased.”

“You are insane. I should just tell her everything. About this.” Will made a sign with his head, pointing the kitchen as if evidence of what they made was all around them.

“You will not.”

“I’m leaving.” Will decided instead of arguing, and Hannibal just nodded, as if it was something he was expecting.

“Of course. I will tell Mischa that you will call her later.”

Will blinked, so tired of fighting with his own morals. He was feeling vulnerable, and he didn’t like it. Hannibal’s rejection was still stinging in side his chest, and he was miserable as

fuck. So, he just nodded, and this time Hannibal didn’t stop him when he left from the kitchen’s door, feeling thast at least, things couldn't get more fucked up then that.

Chapter End Notes

Please remember, comments makes me come back. <3

Goodbye

Chapter Notes

Hello my dear and patient readers.
Here am I again after so long. I never gave up on this story, but well, life makes us busy.

So, this is a very short chapter, but I couldn't put this little part with next one I'm writing, and also, it was a important thing for the tale.

Thank you for all the comments, it was what one of the things that was keeping me coming back to this.

This chapter have no beta. So please, forgive me all the mistakes.

Will was giving up on Mischa.

He took it very far, further than he thought he could do it, but it seems that finally reached his limit. He did not know what made him stick for so long. But it was clear now that what attracted him was not the same thing that was keeping him there, with the Lecters. But if ever he did it any good, it stopped a long time ago. He was feeling bad with himself. He was feeling used, played, abused, and he should turn his back to this when it was still possible. Hannibal was not normal. Mischa wasn't either. And probably, Will had his own kind of crazy, but not like that. Not yet.

He was still brushing the fucking tears of his face when Mischa got to him in the parking lot, in front of her beautiful mansion, from where he just left, leaving the fancy dinner behind.

There was a soft breeze, swinging the blonde strands around the framed face, and shivering, the skin of her arms uncovered. In her eagerness to reach Will, Mischa had ignored the coat. But it wouldn't matter right now.

"Why are you leaving?" She asked soft, afraid of the answer.

Will blinked, feeling as resigned as the innocence poured from Mischa's voice. The Wind was helping his own thoughts. And Hannibal’s absence was helping too. As if the man’s influence

was stronger with his presence. Because somehow Will was only capable of nod when Hannibal would demand something, forgetting every good argument he could use against the bastard. And oh, there were so many!

"We can't go on like this." The words came out dead, which sounded pretty much like Will's inside. He was feeling numb, and that was something he was becoming very familiar with.

"Why? It's just a meal." She stepped closer, and Will took a step back.

This made her stop, with a hurt look. It was amazing how much Mischa could look strong and delicate at the same time. AS if she was just a little girl that went through a lot in her short life.

"I'm sorry, Mischa, but I just can't take this anymore."

“I don’t understand. What happened? Why so suddenly?”

“I can’t even start, Mischa” And he really couldn’t. He could not pretend anymore, or try to recite all the fucked up things that happened the last weeks. He was done with the crazy talks, with him trying to convince her why that was so wrong, and so insane. It was time to accept that their way of thinking was different.

"Did my brother-"

"No. Talk to him, if you have to, I need to go." Just hearing Hannibal's name was dangerous for Will. He had to end this.

Will started to walk, turning his back on what should be the girl of his dreams. He knew he was doing the right thing. He could feel it. But it was so fucking hard. It should be easier.

"But we're in a relationship." Will heard Mischa's voice behind him, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, the three of us, but not anymore."

"Will" Mischa called, and this time
Will stopped, looking back. She looked so small, curled up in the huge shadow Lecter’s mans ion. God, she was so beautiful. Even with tears in her eyes, her face pale by the cold night. Will could feel her sorrow. In little waves of emotion, and it was touching him, it really was.

"I will not give up on you."

Don’t
you see that's bad, Mischa? Will wanted to scream, imagining the sound his voice would ma ke as it was cut by the wind.

Don't you see how sick this is?

Don't you see I'm falling for you brother?

Would it hurt if he say it loud? Would it be visible the words cutting trough the night and hitting Mischa's chest? Making her back off a few steps maybe, realising how foolish and dangerous was this little game that her and her brother were playing?

But instead, Will only sighed, rubbing his face with both hands. He was wrong, he accepted the craziness, he let himself fall in love with such creatures. He let himself get involved with a family like that. He was a grown man now, and he should know better what he wanted. Hannibal did. In addition, even Mischa seemed to be clear with the things she wanted for her. So, it was time for WIll to make up his mind for good, and he wouldn't put up with Hannibal's bullshit.

"Goodbye, Mischa."

Will started to walk again, and this time he didn't stop.

Mischa didn't call for him either.

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